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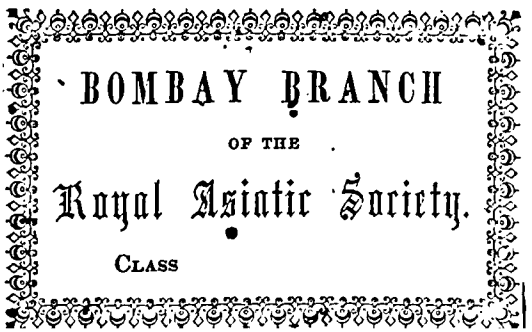

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TWO MONTHS

ON THE TOBIQUE,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

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An Emigrant's Journal, 1851.

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	v
I.	LETTER I.—VOYAGE TO NEW BRUNSWICK	
II.	LETTER II.—FROM BOSTON TO ST. JOHN—DIARY—FROM ST. JOHN TO FREDERICTON	32
III.	DIARY ON THE TOBIQUE—THE INDIANS AND THE WIGWAM	61
IV.	SOLITUDE IN THE FOREST—CUTTING DOWN TREES	90
V.	CRUISING THROUGH THE FOREST—THE SNOW FALLS	117
VI.	WINTER ADVANCING—ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE	141
VII.	THE FOREST ABANDONED—RETURN TO FREDERICTON—HOMEWARD	173

PREFACE.

A YOUNG emigrant who had passed seven years in the Australian bush, again, after eleven weeks in England spent with his family, crossed the ocean in search of a home. That brief visit had made him unwilling to put again so great a distance between himself and his family as a return to Australia would involve; and his thoughts turned to emigration in some nearer region. It was then suggested to him by some who were interested in colonization, to break ground in a yet unexplored part of New Brunswick, the district on the banks of the Tobique river. The question to be solved was whether the climate would not be too severe for permanent occupation. He put this to the

strongest possible test, by establishing himself for two months (beginning in the middle of October) in a wigwam amid the depths of the forest and on the banks of the river, where he remained utterly cut off from human intercourse, and unable even to leave his self-chosen prison till half-way through December, when the Tobique was so completely frozen over as to make for him a road back to the settled part of the country. This enterprise was so unusual, and considered so perilous, that few, when he started, expected to see him again; and great was the wonder and curiosity, not only in the rough settlements of New Brunswick, but in the *salons* of Fredericton (of which latter the Journal says nothing) on his return.

He came to the conclusion, as far as his own experience enabled him to judge, that the chances of success were not in the emigrant's favour. But he recorded his impressions of his voyage out there, of his short sojourn in St. John and Fredericton, and of his two months' solitude in a forest wigwam, in letters and a diary full of interest to those for whom they were designed—selections from which, though after the lapse

of fifteen years, may not be without attraction for the general reader.

The writer of these records, which were not intended for publication, is no more. The reader, it is hoped, will be indulgent to the uncorrected style of one whose career had been, from boyhood, one of physical toil and active enterprise. Endowed with unusual powers of endurance, possessed of ardour and energy in executing any purpose he had chosen, a close and unwearied observer of nature, and voluntarily trained in boyhood to active labour and privation, he was a born adventurer and explorer; and had life been longer and more propitious to him, he might, perhaps, have taken his place amongst the successful pioneers of civilization in the waste. This was not to be; his few added years of life were doomed to pass in struggles of a different kind, and all he has left are such slight and hasty sketches of what he had seen, and partly achieved, as these which we now present to the public.

JOURNAL

TWO MONTHS ON THE TOBIQUE

IN 1851.

CHAPTER I.

LETTER I.—VOYAGE TO NEW BRUNSWICK.

On board the Ship ——, *July 24th*, 1851.

MY DEAREST ——

LIKE that illustrious traveller Lord Bateman,

> I shipped myself all aboard of a ship,
> Some foreign country for to see,

and once more found myself a wanderer over the world, though scarce three months had elapsed since my return from a seven years' banishment from England. Last July I believed myself tied for many a year to come to the bush of Australia; last February I was in the grasp

of the storms of Cape Horn; now I am entering on the North Atlantic, bound for "Yankee town." "Sech is life."

While sitting at my desk, in our snug little after-cabin, I can hear the hoarse rustling of the water, as a fine easterly breeze urges our ship through the slowly heaving waves of St. George's Channel; the land is vanishing, and now we are fairly at sea. And, being so, I may as well begin what I hope may be the means of beguiling the tedium of many an uneventful hour in the five or six weeks of ocean before us—that oft-told tale—that oldest of stories—a journal at sea. But old as the tale may be, it yet has the experience of ages to prove that it is incumbent on all voyagers who can write to inflict their sea mares'-nests on those who live at home—like the Ancient Mariner who after all was but a tremendous embodiment, a fearful impersonation, of "Sea Stories."

Though the ocean is no novelty to me, I am revisiting it under novel circumstances, in a Yankee ship, with a Yankee crew and Yankee captain, built in a fashion more prevalent, I believe, among American ships than English, with a round-house instead of a poop, and which fashion I think no improvement. She is the

—— bound from Liverpool to Boston, at 850 tons—a fine ship with very fair accommodation; in fact, the general appearance of things is satisfactory. I am the only passenger, and the loneliness of a solitary passenger at the beginning of a voyage is perhaps as complete as if he were at the North Pole. Then how intensely *real* becomes the parting from his friends, those friends some of whom perhaps he may see no more; all their last words come floating to him, and he wonders that of his own will he should have forsaken what now he holds the greatest happiness that life can yield.

26*th*.—It seems to me, dear, that I have contrived to cram a good deal of life into my few years of existence, almost too much I sometimes think, for at times the load of recollection seems almost more than I can bear. And now by this sudden flight of mine across the Atlantic, am I about greatly to swell the already unruly river of memories. I had always rather a fancy for putting myself into what seemed a queer position; few, however, have appeared to me more so than the one I have now succeeded in getting into — suddenly tearing myself from England and a thousand delights which I have not known for seven years, and which I have not tasted again for as much as three months, with

the purpose, at least with the prospect, of going through discomfort in a strange land 3,000 miles away. Where are you all now, as I sit in my Yankee ship? Whatever supposition I make only presents to me a picture which places my own position in anything but a favourable light, sitting as I do all alone in the round-house cabin, while through the open door comes the rustling sound of the wind sweeping through the rigging, and the sigh of the sea under the side, the ship dancing all the time in a way which reminds me of the game "Neighbour, neighbour, I come to torment you"—"What with?" "With an up and a down." Whales mingled with porpoises came down alongside in the evening, and looked at us like fishes of the world.

Sunday, 27th.—The captain tells me that a passenger he took to New Orleans kept a diary, for, having been in a mercan*teel* house, he could not be easy unless he was writing, "so that," says Captain W——, with an appearance of awe, "you could see all his thoughts—that is," correcting himself, "his wife could, for I guess it was shut to me and to every one else." He had a splendid black barndoor cock which died the other day, and which in his lamentations over it, he insisted on calling (with the almost over-refinement of his

country—he is a New Englander) "a splendid rooster." As I could not muster up courage to call it so myself on so short a notice, and was afraid of offending his delicacy if I called it as the Britishers are wont, I got out of the difficulty by speaking of him as the "bird."

He improves on acquaintance, like most Yankees that I have met; he is very reserved and even morose to strangers, but now we are better acquainted, we get on very well and comfortably. He tells yarns at meals and in the after-cabin with grim sociability, guessing energetically at things he knows perfectly well, and making sepulchral jokes. The chief mate has also got over the sour surliness which his countrymen seem to think necessary towards strangers, and condescends to talk with me during his watch.

It would be vain were I to attempt to give you an idea of the kicking, jumping, and smashing during last night's gale. Sleep was out of the question—now was the ship standing on her head, now on her hind legs, then seeming to disappear from us on one side, then on the other, while every minute the heavy smash of a sea, as it came tumbling against her bows, shook her to her centre. It is still blowing hard from N. (which is a fair wind), but being more abeam we feel the sea less.

These northerly gales are very glorious, with their clear sky and sparkling sea—the ocean with its intense blue beneath an unclouded sun can only be compared to a vast azure satin cloth covered thickly with silver spangles, each and all of which gleam with a snowy brightness. The sea during a stormy gale, beneath a clear sky and a bright sun, is probably one of Nature's most exquisite sights.

Yesterday morning, a man whom nobody knew (or professed to know) made his appearance on deck, emerging ghost-like from the forehold, where he had been planted since we left Liverpool. "Must feed him," says the skipper: "but I guess he'll have to work some for it." I was talking to him (the captain) about Liverpool; he quite agrees with me in what I say of the horrors of its populace, but says if I were to represent to a Liverpool man the kind of people he is living amongst, the filthiest sediment of that foul mixture, a civilized community, he would laugh at me, and utterly refuse to believe it—which is but natural and proper. As for the smoke, he guesses what I saw wasn't a circumstance to what it is in winter.

The black nigger of a steward is sitting in his pantry opposite, and looking at me, not blushing like

——, but grinning in a way that makes me feel ugly, I tell you. I just made an attempt to draw him out, of sheer spite, intending to paint him blacker than he is; but it involved too much gazing on his provoking, grinning, ugly, monkified caricature of a face.

9 P.M.—Some prospect of a better night than the last; the wind has moderated to a trifling breeze, but the ship is still wallowing about in the swell a gale leaves. It is immediately *after* a storm that you can best appreciate the height of the ridges of water with their tops unbroken travelling along in dogged sullen grandeur.

Two things have an unpleasant aspect, and may make the voyage very disagreeable. The first is a row with the second mate's watch, who, being told to "turn to" this afternoon, said they "didn't like" to. So the mate told the captain, and the captain went on deck. He sent the mate forward to order the refractory watch up that he might lecture them, muttering at the same time something about putting the spokesman in irons. So he waited, and I with him, in full hope of hearing a specimen of Yankee eloquence, which, in an excited Yankee, is apt to be very rich. But the men would not come to our vicious little chief, so he had to go

to them, and in a few minutes I was summoned forwards by the mate to be witness of what passed.

When I got to the scene of action, the captain told me he wanted me to hear how he had asked the men three times to go to work, and be witness that they had refused, "which," he told them, in an explanatory tone, "is mutiny; d'ye hear? mutiny on the high seas;" and then, that I might hear him *ask* them again, he made his fourth request, which he did by clenching his fist, shaking it at them, and shouting to them, "Why the bad place don't you come and work?" wishing a bad end to the affair universally, and stating "he'd be shooting some of them presently." After a pause of a few seconds, during which none of them stirred, he turned to me and his mates with a benignant air, and begged us to observe that he had *asked* them four times. So we walked away. For this the men may get three months or more in gaol. In the meantime, if it leads to nothing worse on the voyage, I may be bothered by being subpœnaed in Boston, especially if more violent scenes ensue.

But the second and worse prospect is that the ship has apparently sprung a leak—in fact, *has*—makes nearly a foot of water in an hour, and requires constant

pumping. She is a new ship, but has, in dry dock at Liverpool, been badly caulked and coppered so as to require pumping every four hours at starting; but during last night's gale and the violent pitching and straining she went through, there can be but little doubt she has started something. This is an unpleasant look-out with 3,000 miles of a stormy ocean before us.

While pacing the deck this evening, I have been amusing myself by building romances on this foundation with the long boat (big enough to hold us all comfortably) before my eyes. I saw the whole thing at a glance; another violent storm—carpenter sounds the well; with a face white as a ghost, he announces "six feet of water in the hold." We get out the boat without loss of time, for four weeks are tossed about on the wild and stormy ocean on half a biscuit a day, till all our provisions are gone; then in silence we cast wolfish glances at each other, till the most desperate speaks:—"My lads, one must die to save the rest." The fatal lot is drawn by a fat, chubby little fellow (on whom I mean to have my eye henceforth), when just as with manly resignation he prepares to meet the death-blow, the cry "a sail!" is raised. At the joyful sound,

some, overpowered by their emotions, can only stare in stupid silence; others embrace with alternate tears and frantic laughter; while others, whose reason has given way under the sudden shock, blend pious ejaculations with fearful blasphemies.

The ship which takes us up is bound to the coast of Africa; and now the whole story is plain: of course we are wrecked, and of course made prisoners by the Arabs, who march us over burning sands till all my companions one by one drop dead. I alone survive the horrors of that journey. I am brought to a Moorish town and offered for sale (being of course well spit upon as a Nazarene by the women), when the sultan or sheik, hearing of the Feringhee, who are all well known to be clever doctors, I am ordered, on pain of death, to heal his favourite daughter who is ill. Her malady I soon find to be that she has fallen in love with the interesting Christian captive. I write a charm, the words being "the frog he would a-wooing go," which satisfies the old gentleman, while I administer such good medicine to the gentle Zuleika's distracted mind, that the old cove, in an ecstasy of gratitude, gives her to me as a wife if I'll only renounce my religion, which, "as it's only a faith of

mine, I'm no ways partickler about,"* and do without a moment's hesitation.

Scene changes to twelve years after. I have risen to the highest honours, but a yearning for my native land comes over me. I cut the old cove's throat, and with Ayesha, my thirteenth and favourite wife behind me on my beloved mare, the "Maid of the Desert," I am soon beyond pursuit. I gain the coast, steal a boat, having first knocked the owner's brains out, put to sea, and am taken by a French ship, whose captain, conquered by Ayesha's beauty, becomes very annoying. But I have not been a Moslem for nothing: I bid Ayesha speak him fair, invite him to supper in our cabin, where she promises him a little delicacy as a specimen of the Moorish *cuisine*, and which I carefully season with a Moorish poison. The captain astonishes his crew by dying of nothing at all: but as they begin to suspect, I take the liberty of serving them all in the same way. But Ayesha not approving of all these summary proceedings, upbraids me for a monster; whereupon "there is but one course left to me," and

* See *Household Words* for an account of a tipsy prosecutor, who, having been robbed of his watch, says, "It wasn't my watch, it was a friend of my; I'm no ways partickler about it."

wreathing my hand, &c., I stick her as you would stick a pig, get ashore somehow, and become either a misanthrope or a devout Christian, I am not sure which.

And all this is to come from my visit to C——! for to that I believe may be attributed my finding myself on board a leaky Yankee ship. Joking apart, I am not quite easy, nor are the captain and mates.

Wednesday, 30*th*.—I have been looking forward through the day to my quiet evening's yarn with you, dearest, without which, in fact, I should hardly know how to get through the weary hours of darkness before I turn in. Truly, on a night like this, it would not be hard to grow sad with thinking of the absent and the past. If I look to my right, down in the dark abyss of the lower cabin gleams a miserable lamp like a star in a stormy sky, or a star at the bottom of a well. Another horrid thing, by whose light I am writing, shows me dimly the ugly bulkheads of the state-room on each side of the cuddy, and through the door I hear the hoarse murmuring rustling wind in the rigging, and, to heighten the gloominess of the picture, reflect that the ship has to be pumped out every hour, and that it is blowing a steady double-reefed topsail

gale right in our teeth, with a foggy, drizzling, unbroken rain. It is near ten, the captain as usual lying on his berth (he has not been *in* bed yet), not a sound but the dismal moan of the winds, the creaking timber, and the sudden smashing thumps of the sea.

I have been having a yarn with the mate this evening about many things; amongst others—and not for the first time—which boat would be the safest for us if we have to take to them. And then he told me how he had once been four days in a boat under the same circumstances. This is not inspiriting work. Moreover, he told me of those dire explosions (there go the pumps again) of the Mississippi steamers which occurred when he was at New Orleans, in which two hundred people were destroyed. The force of the explosion was such, that one of the boilers was flung nearly half a mile. You may understand then how, not bodies, but rather fragments of bodies, were picked up in the streets of the town, so crushed and ground up by the steam as to be actually *shovelled* into the carts; yet, hideous to relate, actually with life and speech left. He seemed almost overpowered at the mere recollection of what he had seen.

He has also been in three hurricanes, which seem

also to have left a lasting impression on his memory. He says, while they lasted, nothing could be seen even, nor a thing done, nor a word heard, nor any sound save that of one unending peal of thunder,—the noise of the wind. In describing a railway capsize, he told me how they climbed one of the weather-sides of the cars. When a ship is thrown on her beam-ends, of course you know the upper is the weather-side.

This chief mate improves on acquaintance; I like him much. "I have two fine little boys at home; I have not seen them for two years; by being a sailor and so long from home, I lose all their little winning ways; a sailor had just as well not be married." I pitied him when I heard him so complain. I like the captain, too, very much; besides, it is a teetotal ship, to all intents and purposes, which is another good point.

31*st.*—The wind has at last dwindled away to nearly a dead calm, but the heavy rolling sea is still rocking the poor ship about in a helpless, clumsy way, making the useless sails flap and bang miserably against the mast; a grey dusky sky overhead, a gloomy grey ocean around; — such a combination of discomforts. Mother will pity me when she hears that I have no

sheets, but that to me is neither new nor disagreeable, as the blankets are clean. I do *not* like the incessant shower of tobacco juice which rains on the deck in a way which would not be permitted in an English ship. As for the mutinous crew, the captain means to have another trial of strength with them, being much dissatisfied with his own quietness on the first occasion. This is a prospect I don't relish, as there will not improbably be violence.

I have had a long yarn with my favourite the chief mate, who, from one or two things he has said, I am compelled to believe has been in a slaver. He speaks of the trade with much disgust as being so dirty. Also, he went some years ago to Smyrna at a time when the Archipelago was full of pirates. Their own ship was well armed, having guns double-shotted and grape over that. So a boat sailed after them,—suddenly showing herself under the lee of an island,—sixty men or so on board; dodged them and followed close, and refused to answer when hailed. So the captain pointed a quarter-gun at them, fired, and, as the lanky, sepulchral mate said with a grim chuckle, "sent the whole charge slap in among them,—certainly killed half on 'em." They saw no more of them.

I am inclined to think more and more favourably of New Brunswick from Johnstone's representation of it; and, though at present I am fully prepared to visit Lake Superior, I suspect both judgment and inclination will be in favour of the Tobique or the Restigonche, of which J. speaks highly, and which probably will be as much benefited by the railway as the Tobique. But his account of the enormous quantity of traffic between the lake and western districts and the Atlantic ports, a large proportion of which would inevitably be diverted into the Saint Lawrence by the removal of a few difficulties and objections, is highly corroborative of what Mr. N—— has told me. The perusal of Johnstone not only gives me general information, or rather an enlargement of ideas, on agriculture, but is even raising in me a little enthusiasm on the subject, and makes me eager to try my hand on it for its own sake.

I am very dubious of being able to make anything out of the intolerably *stoopid* details of a voyage. The mate is a windfall—if I yarned with the men I might get some amusement, but that I carefully avoid, as every passenger ought. An occasional civil remark is well and proper, but yarning don't do. Well, I believe I have got to the end of what I have collected and pre-

pared for you, during the day—and a very poor stock of fun it is; and yet I feel loth to stop talking.

The sea affects my imagination at times strongly, when I look round on the wild world of troubled waters, and reflect that this is the deep, dark, mysterious, treacherous home of a strange race of beings, called sailors, who, deserting their natural element, spend their lives on one whose dangers, if not really greater, are, at any rate, more obvious than those of the land. It is a strange thing that men should choose to desert the land and live on the ever-sounding main.

August 1st.—A heavy sea rolling on us from the north, great grey hills of water, down whose sides the ship rolls and slides. It has gone down a little now, but still the old lady is wallopping about in a most unsatisfactory manner, while the heavy wet sails are threshing and banging the masts like thunder. Dismal rainy weather, juicy, slimy weather—and a night which threatens storm.

With the second mate I have just had a long talk about California, where he has spent some time, and he corroborates all my preconceived ideas of the country. I believe that with so large a population so scantily supplied with agricultural produce in a country so

admirably adapted for its production, the farmer, with that degree of prudence and industry which is necessary for success in every profession, could hardly fail of rapidly realizing a fortune. In fact, people are finding that out already, and farming in California is now attracting much attention; but, as yet, the field is open for thousands. The only fear is the failure of the gold mines. My own judgment and inclination would lead me there to-morrow, as far as I depend on the information I at present possess.

And yet I have always said that the magnificent edifice of Californian prosperity is built on a foundation, and with materials the most unworthy to be trusted—dependent entirely on a mining foundation, grubbing for gold in burrows like rabbits, which at present they find in bushels, but which may any day suddenly disappear—and then the whole Californian community disperses and vanishes like a soap-bubble. And such a community!—the materials of this shining edifice consisting almost entirely of the most worthless, the most morally hideous of the whole human race. Had I been ignorant of this before, what I have this night heard would have shown it to me. And does this large and enormously wealthy and marvellously prospering and increasing community contribute its share to the welfare

of the world generally? Certainly it absorbs manufactures, but is it a refuge for the poor but industrious classes of old countries, like the North American colonies, or those in the Southern Ocean? or is it a nursery for a race of men which may be a great and good nation worthy of its position on the earth? Is it possible that such a people can spring from such a stock? such a people as may hereafter be found on the plains of Australia or in the forests of Canada? And it may be asked, can a Californian tiller of the soil take as high a moral stand as the Australian squatter, or the Canadian farmer, whose life, it is true, is spent in the acquisition of the gold, but whose occupation finds employment and reward for the industry of hundreds, while the Californian farmer, not yielding like them his humble contribution to the general welfare of his race, lives but to feed a huge congregation of burrowing scoundrels? These questions might be asked; I have asked them of myself often enough, but I do not say that they suggest the correct view of the case, or a just pol-economical view, or that it is my own view. . . . I think I could get more gold there than in New Brunswick, although society in New Brunswick may stand on a more secure basis. I think I see myself

trudging across the plain of Texas, with a pickaxe on my shoulder, on my way to the diggings. An ugly old brute of an Indian is shooting at me from behind a tree, I having a carpet bag in my hand which the Indian wants to get at. [Here follows in the manuscript a rough sketch of the supposed scene.]

Tell my father that the needle of my aneroid vibrates to and fro with the motion of the ship, just as the mercury of the barometer rises and falls from the same cause. I can hardly conceive how so little a difference in elevation can so greatly affect an instrument whose oscillations amount, when the sea is very heavy, to 0·5.

Johnstone's account of the treatment of strangers, by the New Brunswickers, and of their notions of hospitality, is exceedingly disgusting to an Australian accustomed to the hearty welcome he is sure of, at nine stations out of ten, and who would think the Last Day at hand, if the most *unwilling* entertainer ever dreamed of expecting payment for the night's lodging he gave. Those who are not fond of guests turn them away, but never charge for accommodation.

August 2nd.—It's of no use mincing the matter; this is blackguard weather—sickening—worse than

anythink. The same unvarying fog, or rather only varied by occasional downpours of rain, and, to complete the matter, all but a dead calm. A brig stole quietly out of the dark mysterious depths of the fog, and passed close by us—she said she was from Bay Chaleur (in New Brunswick), bound to Lancaster. She seemed not gradually rising from the horizon, but, as it were, created by our side. This calm, inexorable fog is making us all lose our tempers. The captain makes grim jokes and humbugs the steward (a Portuguese nigger); the chief mate gives snappish answers, and assumes a demoniac expression, while the second sits in a corner sail-making, and grumbling to himself in a low, continual growl as only a sailor can grumble.

The meek chief mate has confided to me a touching little incident in his mild, amiable life. He has been a great deal with Spaniards, sailing with them, &c. "One day," quietly drawled he in his soliloquizing manner, "one of them came near stabbing me—tried to stab me in the heart, but the knife missed, and struck a bone below the ribs," which he showed. "What was that for?" said I. "Oh, we quarrelled." "And what did *you* do? drown him?" "Knocked

his brains out," still in the same quiet drawl, and added, after a pause, "with a bit o' iron." So we passed on from that trifle, like men of the world, to other matters.

We have just had an introduction to the great whales, which are often to be met with in these latitudes, and of whom five or six showed themselves yesterday close alongside, keeping up with us for some time—great, solemn, helpless-looking monsters, lumbering along with a lazy, undulating motion, and now and then showing their ugly square faces from the side of a wave, while they spirt a fountain of spray into the air with a deep gasping sigh, absolutely majestic in their extreme clumsiness.

August 6th.—I have let my log lie by for a few days from a scarcity of events, and from finding it had already gone ahead too much. Now events are coming a little too quick, and of a kind to make me wish myself out of the ship as soon as may be. In the first place, we don't get on a bit. Since yesterday a strong south breeze, with a wild electric sky and constantly falling barometer, made us expect a gale, and from royals we came down to single-reefed topsails, and then at 9 P.M. appearances were such that

the captain furled everything but the three close-reefed topsails and foretop staysails. Lightning flashed incessantly, gusts of wind wandered over the sea as though they knew not where to go. We expected a heavy gale, but have since had calms and squalls, lying to still under a mere nothing of canvas, still in the same wearying uncertainty of what is in store for us. A still falling barometer and the stormiest appearances, deter us from making sail; the wind keeps shifting about, the sky all day, and especially at sunset, assuming appearances of wild and terrible beauty. So the day has passed—every breeze as it reached us supposed to be the van of the expected gale — till night has come without a solution of the problem. A huge rolling sea flings us helplessly about and astonishes everybody.

Again, to add to our trouble, the men have begun to stab each other, and there on the floor of the cabin lies the black steward on his face, groaning with the agony of a terrible wound in the back inflicted by the cook, a mere lad and a mere savage. When I came on deck this morning I heard high words in the galley (or cooking place); presently out came the steward, and in an instant followed the cook,

who flung a large saucepan at him with sufficient force to have killed him on the spot had it struck him. Then the steward seized him in his arms, and (being a very powerful man) flung him down like a child. But the captain parted them then, and sent the steward aft. However, he being out of sight, they were soon at it again, and as I stood on the poop, after some fierce dispute about a bucketful of plates, I saw the cook thrust headforemost out of the galley, with the steward over him, who forthwith began to pound his head on the deck. A crowd gathered, and an ill-looking scoundrel, who had before been helping the cook to abuse the steward, walked up quietly with his pale, wicked face, and began kicking the negro in the face. He was right to part them, but not so.

Then the negro knocked off the cook, dashed at the sailor, and a great scuffle ensued, during which the cook was in the galley. The sailor got the negro down, and while he held him, out rushed the cook, and I saw him strike him as he lay (but I saw no knife in his hand *then*). The second mate came up and parted them; I walked forward to help him, and saw much blood about the negro, who to our expostu-

lations, replied that the cook had "knifed" him,—"he kill me now, but I shall kill him before I die,"—and then, with his hideous, pale black skin, he calmly went looking about for some weapon wherewith to revenge the death he expected on "that boy," as he called him. The latter stood the while, brandishing an ugly butcher's or "sheath" knife, yelling and screaming like a madman. The contrast was fearful between the frenzied rage of the one and the cool concentrated hatred and murderous aspect of the other, who kept repeating in a low voice, his intention of killing "that boy before I die," while his eyes wandered everywhere in search of a weapon.

We in the meanwhile tried to get him up, but could not do anything with him except keep him from the cook till a more powerful agent than us began to work,—the deep stab in his back. For suddenly he turned paler than ever, and said in a voice of terror to the second mate, "Oh, Sir, I die! I die now!" But it was not death, but faintness—so great that all further vengeance he had to postpone. So we got him to the cabin, and I went on the poop to the captain, who knew not what was going on, but who instantly came down. Then we sewed up his wound in ignorance of its depth, and

laid him on his face, where he has lain ever since, his only consolation being his determination, which he continually mutters in English and Portuguese, to murder or "matar" "that boy," if he does not die himself, which he occasionally believes he will. This belief seems only to distress him as robbing him of his revenge.

While we were dressing his wounds, I observed the cook pattering about and wiping up blood, which I then saw was flowing from a gash in his foot, which he affirms the steward gave him first. This I am not confident of. Indeed, I think he got it accidentally, and that the story the men tell, in which the negro is made the first to use the knife, is got up to screen the white man. For there is a feeling about Americans, natural enough, but which had not occurred to me till the second mate explained it to me, that a nigger should never be allowed to beat a white. "Why, if I saw him whipping a white man, I'd knock his brains out myself; the steward would stand a bad chance in this ship," &c. Had the steward stabbed the cook, he would probably have been killed by the crew at once. The captain has none of these feelings; he is a humane, reasonable man, and one whom I like very much.

In consequence of all this slaughtering work, the

deck is stained with splashes of blood, and the cabin floor is slippery as glass with the same abomination, in spite of all the washing. If the steward dies (as I expect), the cook will be in a scrape. But you may imagine I am not well pleased to find myself in such company. One of the officers has been first mate in a slaver, t'other has been with Spaniards and foreign ships so much, that I suspect more than I would say about what he has been; the steward himself once belonged to a slaver. I must say, however, that the officers and I think most of the crew are shocked at this morning's work. The whole business angers and disgusts me: the bad feeling against the niggers, the sight of the poor wretch who may be dying, and whose only solace in his sufferings is the hope of murdering (and kill him he will if he recovers)—the whole piece of atrocity is, as a Port Phillip neighbour of ours would say, "very annoying."

And what do you think was the beginning of this? Some ham the steward was cutting for our breakfast! The cook asked him why he cut it in that way? The other replied that it was no business of *his*. The cause of the steward's obstinacy in carrying on the quarrel was probably to be found in a mug of whiskey we found in his pantry, which he had stolen from a keg kept for

medical uses. He did not seem at all intoxicated, but probably the spirit gave additional violence to his temper. The chief mate is used to this kind of thing in New Orleans, besides having been knifed himself; still, he disapproves of it.

August 11*th.*—The gale we were expecting when I last wrote never came at all; the barometer and the minacious clouds were but crying "wolf." A stiff breeze from N.W. set all right, and for the last few days we have had nothing but light head winds, beautiful summer weather, varied by a sharp squall now and then, smooth water and ceaseless grumbling. The men kept tumbling down and hurting themselves, or getting ill or something, to the captain's infinite disgust. The head winds have sent us too fast,—we are nearly in the latitude of the Azores, and, I suppose, not 200 miles from it.

I have just finished copying a manifest of the ship's cargo, which I did willingly for the captain, both for the sake of the occupation and because he is a very good fellow. The steward is, I am glad to say, recovering; but a white man in his predicament would have been food for fishes ere now. The refractory watch have come back to their duty,—so that row is over.

Last night, in his usual low-voiced matter-of-fact way of telling things, our dear chief mate told me stories of tiger, bear, and wild-boar shootings, which he had had in Cuba and elsewhere; and of a wild young English "lord" on board his ship, who used to put him in mind of Lord Byron, who travelled all about America in search of adventures, and whose chief ambition was to fight a grizzly bear. Another rather exciting event disturbed the even current of his young life at nineteen or twenty—his career was within an ace of being closed by—the gallows, for a murder he never committed.

We have seen some gulfweed, and so with that and flying-fish, and the hot sun and the squalls, I fancy myself in the tropics again. But we are evidently in for a long voyage. We still have to pump every hour, but it is our old story now, and we have left off talking of the boats. *Au reste*, I get on very comfortably—the grub is good enough for the likes of me; I have books—the captain tells me funny stories, and there is nothing to grumble at, except the weather, the bit of murdering, growlings, &c.

August 12th.—This morning at 3 h. 15 m. I woke with a notion, that something unusual was going on; a very few seconds sufficed to explain that hoarse roar,

mingled with shouting, and flappings, and rattlings, and that little hole over-head, which proved to be the port-hole, usually by my side. A furious storm had assailed us, and a sudden rending crash for a moment made me fear we had lost a topmast, when the loud cry of, "Let go the topsail halyards!" relieved me from that anxiety. To remain in bed any longer was not to be thought of; so I jumped into my clothes and looked out on deck, and such a sight and such a sound you never saw or heard. The storm was rushing and howling over us like legions of insane lions, or rather it was as though a Niagara of wind was dashing against us. The gusts seemed too solid for air; they came with the resistless weight of a torrent of water, bearing the poor ship down before its mighty onset, till she looked like a helpless woman cowering beneath the rage of her drunken husband.

As long as she could be kept right before the wind there was not much to fear, but, with such a press of canvas, maintopgallant sail over single-reefed topsails, it was no easy matter to steer her steadily. At last a sweep to windward—a sickening lurch as the blast caught her abeam, soon brought our captain out from his lair, when, instead of adding to the already scarce endurable strain on the spars, as he had before been

promising himself to do, he had only time to get in his topgallant sail, and two more reefs in his topsails, before the gale seemed suddenly to wake up to its work with a fury I had not before seen equalled, horrible in its grandeur—a storm run mad—a delirious tempest—such it seemed to me. I used to imagine I had had experience in the wrath of the wind, but this was an exhibition of its frenzy quite novel to me. I could not stand without holding on by the rigging, before blasts which came down on us with a vengeful violence—a crushing weight as though they would grind the ship to powder. The yelling of the gale through the blocks, the hoarse roaring in the shrouds and rigging might be compared to the war-whoop of a whole nation of Red Indians among their own stormtost forests. It was very dark, but through the darkness gleamed the snowy manes of the huge waves, as they came toppling after us like mountains torn up from their roots.

We could none of us quiet ourselves to the idea of turning in till the early morning, and even then, when I thought the gale had done its worst, it increased till, as I lay in my cot, I felt the poor ship fairly quiver in the mighty grasp of the tempest.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER II.—FROM BOSTON TO ST. JOHN—DIARY—FROM ST. JOHN TO FREDERICTON.

St. John, 10th September, 1851.

I MUST refer to my note-book for an account of my proceedings. My notes state that on a day of heat which the Bostonians bore with as little content as myself, I left their roasting city per steamer *Admiral,* bound for East Port in the state of Maine, where another boat from St. John would meet us. I must tell you though, to gain your good-will for my friend the lanky, sepulchral chief mate of the ——, of the cordially friendly grasp of the hand and his "God bless you," and wishes that I might have a pleasant journey, showing me that by our long yarns in his evening watches on deck I had gained a friend.

American steamers are not a bit like those you are used to; they are more like Noah's ark, only the beasts you meet in them are much queerer than he

ever saw. The "saloon" consists of a passage and open space with chairs and sofa, and altogether an American steamer is a labyrinth of passages and stairs. During dinner, at which were assembled fifty mouths, I talked with a New Brunswick episcopal clergyman, whose account of the agricultural prospects of the province were very discouraging. He spoke much of the extreme rigour of the winter, and said it was an acknowledged fact that wheat could not be produced in any quantity now, though twenty years ago it was an abundant crop, the falling off being apparently caused by some influence at work in the climate which had so altered it, that no application of agricultural science could counteract its evil influence. When I suggested that it might be owing to that exhaustion of the soil that Johnstone speaks of, he said that it was disproved by the occasional abundant harvests even now obtained. He says that the mineral resources are apparently very considerable, instancing a mountain not very far from St. John, which is almost composed of the richest iron ore, which has hitherto been left untouched through that want of energy displayed by their Yankee neighbours, which is so much against the progress of the colony, the absence of all speculative daring, confining

the investments of the capitalists to those recommended by safety, and certainty alone. I shall try to get some more definite information about the iron, and if possible visit the spot; for the railway, which is, you know, a determined affair, and which it is believed will rapidly be carried on towards, ay, and *to* the Pacific, will be in itself a market for the metal besides the United States, which alone would perhaps absorb all that New Brunswick could produce, and so those who open a mine there may find they have done a first-rate thing.

9th September.—Great as was the discomfort of last night, still it was equalled by the amusement it afforded. I had heard something about complaining of the plight they found themselves in, in that boat, when they turned in; and accordingly determined to avoid all risks, I resigned my berth, and, in American fashion, possessed myself of a mattress, of which, in these steamers, there are plenty of spare ones, placed it on the deck in one of the passages, and wrapped in my great coat, prepared to pass, as I hoped, a quiet night, after a long talk with one of the pleasantest of my new friends, though a genuine Yankee. It was now past eleven, but ere twelve I found I was woefully deceived in my idea that I had eluded the foe. After

a cool argument with myself on the matter, I "guessed" I might as well get up as lie there catching bugs. According to another American fashion I must tell that close to me, were a gentleman and his wife, who occupied two other mattresses, and with whom I afterwards set up an acquaintance. In these steamers the passengers either go to the berth at night or scatter themselves on mattresses where they like; my two neighbours certainly retained their clothes; but I was highly amused, though rather aghast, when I beheld an Irish family (of well-dressed people too) consisting of the parents and two fine young women, with solemn deliberation begin systematically to "peel." I have seen funny things in my travels, but few funnier than this. Yet doubtless it was done in the simplicity of their hearts, and I was in their eyes of no more consequence than the pig who had at home been the companion of their slumbers. In an American boat you see one meets with very mixed society, a most heterogeneous assemblage; were the Duke of Wellington here he might find himself sitting beside Sam Slick's father, or the lowest Irish savage of a peasant. Well, as I walked away from the battle-field, I met another victim in the person of a wealthy Boston merchant,

owner of 130,000 acres of land in Maine, whither he was going with four or five friends to hunt and fish, and from which he clears 8,000 dols., or about 1,600*l.* per annum by cutting lumber—another good specimen of the Yankee. I began discussing our misfortune with him, and as we walked and talked, one by one from the depths of the cabin appeared fugitive after fugitive, till the midnight, or now morning moon, shone on a whole army of martyrs. Nothing was heard but "bit me," "bug," "bug." Yet through all was maintained a good temper, which it would be absurd to expect in a boat-load of Englishmen under the circumstances. Instead of growls and curses, jokes and laughter changed what would have been a sheer nuisance to a very good bit of fun, especially when an "indignation meeting" was got up in the cabin to express the opinion of the passengers about the state of things. When the paper written for the purpose had been read to the meeting, concluding with a motion that it should be represented to the captain, a fat old fellow voted that any one opposing that motion be forthwith shown into the berth he had vacated, which would soon bring him to a right way of thinking, he guessed. As the morning advanced, however, one

by one they yielded to imperious nature, and, hiding away in chairs and corners, left me on the open deck with my own neighbour, with whom I had a long talk, in the course of which I made him out to be a Scotch free kirk minister in St. John's: the lady, his wife, had just arrived at New York from Liverpool; he was now bringing her to New Brunswick. I forgot to tell that they very soon followed my example in retreating from the fray. Him I found agreeable and conversable and gentlemanly, she was a nice simple Scotch lassie; of both I formed a good opinion. I talked chiefly with Mr. ——, and by discussing theology, education, &c. have got on favourable terms with him.

We ran close along the coast for two or three hours before we reached East Port, at about 11 A.M. on the 9th, and I must say I was very much struck, even delighted, by some parts of it. It is a kind of scenery new to me—rocky promontories and little ragged isles crested with pine-trees, like pictures of Norway. I took a walk on shore with my divinity friend, and went up to the Yankee barracks, where I saw some young lads walking about dressed in badly made clothes, of coarse blue cloth which looked like a gaol uniform, but which was in fact the uniform of the U. S. army—and these

mere boys were soldiers. Nine in ten are Irish, I am assured—the Yankee being too good a judge to risk his life for a trifle. Moreover the army in America is hated with the whole heart, as being composed of the idlest and most worthless rascals of the country. You have probably seen some mention of the Cuba disturbances in the papers—the massacre of the American volunteers has created a good deal of excitement in the Southern States, but elsewhere the general feeling is "served 'em right." Their inducement was not even so respectable as sympathy with the liberty-seeking insurgents, but merely a hankering after the rich acres of the land—they even held bonds from Lopez securing them portions of land—which doubtless greatly increased the exasperation of the government party against the meddling foreigners. . . . . .

And now we are off again for St. John's in the *Creole*, swiftly paddling through intricate channels, between rocky and beautiful islands—it is like sailing over a lake, so smooth is the water, while land surrounds us on all sides. While walking in East Port I saw a female with a bearing and majesty of figure sufficiently imposing for a Spanish donna, or a bandit's bride at least. Her hair fell in rich masses,

black and glossy, down her neck and shoulders, from under a low-crowned and most becoming lady's black hat—her costume was highly picturesque, but I can only describe it by suggesting that she had put on two gowns, and had then cut the upper one full two feet shorter than the under,—altogether a more striking figure I never saw; she was an Indian squaw, and very ugly. These Indians are quite civilized, clean and neat in their dress, the men clothing themselves like whites, the squaws in a variety of picturesque costumes, such as I have described.

I was much impressed by the great improvement in the personal appearance of our female passengers, after we had left some Yankees, and received a number of Maine and New Brunswick people. In Boston I was as much struck by the utter absence of personal attraction in all the females I saw, as I was now with its frequency and eminence of degree. Here were the fine figure, fresh complexion, and winning expression which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race, and which is entirely absent among the haggard, care-worn, pallid, ugly faces of Massachusetts.

The ancient pine forests stretch down to the water's edge, clothe the hills with an impenetrable scrub through which in every direction fierce bush fires are spreading,

filling the air, as in Australia, with a thick smoky haze which renders the most distant country very indistinct.

"I have just encountered and fled from a charming flirtation with a charming lady whose appearance had convinced me before that she at least was a lady in the true sense of the word, and not as many of the occupants of the cabin doubtless were—Irish servant-girls dressed in the finery which is so loved in America. I had so admired her looks, that I was very glad to see her walk past with a stool in her hand, when of course I sprang forward, begging permission to carry it for her. The calm self-possession with which she received this act of "devilish politeness" showing that such attentions were a matter of course with her, confirmed my opinion of her position in society, while the saucy-jolly tone with which she said, "I'll trouble you to carry it a little further, though," when, like a muff, I was putting it down in an evidently unsuitable place, was decidedly irresistible—and when she answered with her sweet ringing voice to the objection I made to the place she chose, that it was in the sun, "Oh, but I like that," I could have fallen at her feet, and offered to devote my existence to her. However, instead of doing so, I put down the stool and walked away, fearful of nothing but

that she should think me a forward fellow who had shown her civility with the sole purpose of obtruding myself upon her—whereas I had really only done so out of a sheer spirit of politeness. So I lost an opportunity I might have used to make the acquaintance of a charming lady.

Well, as the sun declined, we approached St. John, and the nearer we came, the more beautiful, the grander became the coast scenery, till it reached the climax at the harbours. High forest-clothed hills, and a lake-like scenery—such is its kind. I admired it far more than I expected. An old shrewd Arostock farmer, to whom I observed that it was very pretty country, said it would be much more so, if it was "more leveller." Well, here I am in St. John's, a fine-*ish* town, but I think not so far advanced in excellence of building as Melbourne, which, however, it strikingly resembles in some of its features. When I beheld the British flag waving over me once more, I experienced a feeling quite new to me, an "amor patriæ" I dreamed not of possessing,—an exultation and a swelling of heart I had hitherto believed all affectation when others talked of it. I thought it so no more when I felt the thrill of delight that crimson banner gave me.

If I was struck by the beauty of the Maine females in one steamer, I was astounded in St. John's; in fact, it is notorious for the beauty of its women. There is an exhibition of industry here, a little Crystal Palace, got up in imitation of that in London, which I visited yesterday, and which has drawn great crowds into St. John. There was nothing very remarkable in it; there were some pictures, however, by a native artist, a young man of 20, which were very good indeed, and showed, I have no doubt, great talent and high promise of future excellence. There was besides an exquisite coloured drawing by an English lady, Elizabeth Murray. There was a large procession of various orders, but chiefly of the firemen, a fine body of about 800 volunteers of *all* classes, divided into several corps. Besides this, a fountain was set going, and Sir E. Head delivered an address, which I could not hear.

Mr. —— I find a very useful friend. He knows everybody, and has gained me many acquaintances—indeed, there is no difficulty in forming as many acquaintances as you please in St. John's, so free are the New Brunswickers from the cold reserve which strangers attribute to the English. Mr —— introduces me constantly to different people—some, men of

property in the interior; others, leading men in St. John's; informing them of my desire to obtain information about the colony, and never neglecting to inform them of the fact of my having been some years in Australia, which I observe always makes me an object of greater interest. Forthwith they shake hands with me—express the utmost willingness to forward my views, as far as they can, and launch into conversation with the fluent rapidity so remarkable amongst them—especially the Blue Noses. I am about to visit a barrister and a wealthy man of note here, a Mr. ——; also a Mr. ——, who knows more of the province than any man in it, a naturalist, chief of the Indians, angler, and an official in St. John's. I must acknowledge that I am highly pleased with the good nature and the cordial welcome I receive on all hands, which, as an utter stranger, I could never have dreamed of meeting with. The fact of my possessing letters to Sir E. Head goes a good way, I suspect, in establishing my position, or in removing suspicion of my respectability, while Mr. ——'s friendly offices have been of great service to me. I have already had invitations to the houses of people in the interior, which will be of much advantage

Last night I had a long talk with a Blue Nose (or native) on the steps of the hotel, whom I had never seen before, but who entered into conversation with all the readiness of his race. He is an exception to the general rule in rating Johnstone's work much higher than others. He acknowledges the general opinion to be entirely against it, but believes that future experience will show his representations of the country to be far nearer the truth than is generally believed.

I have just received a letter from ——, promising another, and reiterating his request that I should closely inspect the Tobique; remarking that it's success would probably have a most serious influence on my own prospects in the country. I am now preparing for a systematic investigation of the best parts of the province, starting to-morrow, and commencing with the iron ore at Petersville, which I before mentioned. I must finish now as my time is limited. Give my truest love to all, not forgetting Nora; and remember me most kindly to the ——'s and ——'s. I may have another chance of writing to you from Fredericton, but cannot promise. Dearest ——, good-bye. I am always your most truly loving brother,—

M. C—S.

DIARY.

September 11th.—For the last two or three hours we have been swiftly steaming up the glorious St. John River to Fredericton—glorious indeed, if a mighty stream flowing between noble rugged hills clothed with deep forests of nature's planting, can be so. As we ascend the river, the landscape loses much of its rude magnificence, but assumes a richer character. Long low islands, covered with stacks of hay, or still shaded by the graceful elm and butter-nut trees, divide the stream; and the rich flats, colonially called "intervales," are spread from the margin of the broad current to the still forest-clad hills, which now recede further into the wilderness; numerous farms are scattered among fertile fields; cattle browse along the grassy banks: the energies of man have turned the gloomy forest to a smiling habitation. But my sympathies are still more strongly enlisted with the forest: with what impatience did I not long to plunge into the vast woods that I saw around me. I can admire the rich and fertile tracts; I take interest in agriculture; and can

appreciate the great charm of a farmer's life; but the truth is I have spent so many years amongst wild lands, boundless plains, or nocturnal forests, that my inclination leads me to the wilderness, rather than to the abode of man—a yearning which none of the delights of civilisation can ever, I believe, entirely subdue.

At 8 P.M. the steamer lay alongside the "makeshift" wharf at Fredericton; out poured the crowd of passengers, dispersing themselves through the scattered village. I betook myself to a very fair hotel by the water-side with a fellow traveller. The scenery immediately about Fredericton is tame; there is a considerable extent of cleared land between the river and the old forest; but there is here none of either the boldness or the richness of the lower parts of the river. A strong N.W., cool and refreshing, has dispersed the thick smoke fog, which had obscured the air since I landed at St. John, tempering the warm sun, and producing a day of weather which could hardly be surpassed. Clouds of dust drive through the streets, however, which make walking highly unpleasant.

14*th*, *Sunday*.—The piercing nor'-wester, which has been chilling us all day, is a kind of gentle hint of what the winter is preparing for us; still it is fine bracing

weather, a clear and deep blue sky, with glorious sun. I attended service at the church which at present supplies the place of a cathedral. Dr. Field, Bishop of Newfoundland, preached a sermon which left his hearers in no doubt of his theological bias—which is very high church. I accompanied Colonel —— to his house, and was introduced to his daughters, natives of Canada, with all the brilliancy of complexion which so distinguishes the North Americans. . . . Yesterday I presented myself at Government House. I dined there in the evening, and met the Bishop of N. F. L. and N. S., Colonel Haynes, Colonel Lockyer, &c. A very pleasant evening I spent there.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.

Tobique, 16th September.—Colonel H——, agent to the Nova Scotia Land Company, drove me to Stanley to-day. Stanley is one of the principal settlements of this company, and was first commenced about fifteen years ago. This was my first introduction to the tangled forests of New Brunswick. Stanley, a large island as it were, surrounded on every side by the wild forest ocean, studded with white, cheerful cottages, panelled with fields of grass or grain-crops, forming

altogether a scene of humanity and civilization pleasing to look on.

These settlements, hacked and hewed out of the almost impenetrable forests, seem to me but little better than a large prison after all, surrounded on all sides by high and gloomy walls—wooden walls, indeed—a "howling wilderness," the only exit a road I could almost compare to a dark underground passage, overshadowed and confined as it is by the woods. The little village, consisting of tavern, church, school-house, blacksmith's shop, parsonage, doctor's house, and a few other buildings, is placed in a somewhat ill-judged position, inasmuch as it is at the bottom of a deep valley, so that all egress from it must be by a long steep hill. Through this valley flows the beautiful river Nashwaak —at the time of my visit a shallow stream rustling over a stony bed; when the rains fall, however, and the snows melt, it is a wide, rushing torrent, and down it, in the spring, come great mountains of ice, which have carried dams, bridges, and mill-houses *on* it rather than *before* it, lifting the strong timber bridge, and bearing it away as though it were a feather, sending the mill-house from its foundations, and tearing away the dam as though it felt it not.

Across the new bridge the doctor drove me, in a waggon, as they call the queer-looking trough set upon wheels which are the usual vehicles in this country, and went up the opposite hill by the Miramichi Road, thence we obtained a fine view of the settlement, and of the river winding beneath us under steep, forest-burthened hills, cheerful, bright, and smiling in the warm sun and clear atmosphere. . . .

September 20th.—I again left Fredericton with Colonel H——, to whose kindness I am much indebted, on our way to another of the Nova Scotia Land Company's settlements called Springfield, about twenty-five miles up the St. John, and five miles back from the river. . . . This settlement is not nearly so far advanced as Stanley, is still covered with a thick crop of stumps, and did not strike me as very inviting. . .

Down in a steep little gully, across which the road took us, we came on as pretty a bit of rurality as ever pastoral poet fancied in his namby-pambiest mood —a fair damsel, unmistakeably Irish, milking a cow under the branches of an o'ershadowing maple. Startled at our sudden apparition, she gazed at us with her bright blue eyes, with a surprise which proved that a gig was no usual sight in those backwood settlements . . .

The house where we passed the night, was owned by an old gentleman who came to the country before a house was built in St. John, and gave us as the result of some sixty years' experience, that there is no fault in the country; it is as fine farming land as any one could desire; that the fault is in the people—dense ignorance, no energy, or energy only exerted in that fascinating, gambling business, the lumbering trade; these are the drags on the onward course of the colony. This is, in fact, so well known and acknowledged that it is but uttering a truism . . . The old lady desired her husband to "show the men their beds," which proved pretty good, but we had a little difficulty in making it understood that we wanted water for any purpose besides drinking. Every one in this country with a good coat on his back is a "man," every ragged rascal a "gentleman."

Next morning, having paid for our board and lodging (for there is no *gratis* hospitality among the rural population here), the colonel and I parted, he on his way back, I on mine to Woodstock, a small town sixty miles above Fredericton. At a neighbouring farm, I hired a horse and waggon to take me on for 1*l.*, currency. This is the usual way of travelling where there is no

stage. As a great favour, the owner of a horse drives you as far as he thinks proper, and expects with your thanks to receive a handsome remuneration. This you put in his hand, shake the other, thank him for his kindness in earning a pound or two, and so you go through the province travelling at a rate of expense which would take you through the states of America . .

22*nd*, *Woodstock*.—Mr. G——, with that readiness to assist which I have so constantly met with in New Brunswick, called on me early, and showed me a plan of a road from the Tobique to the grand Falls, the result of his survey of that country, besides lending me a map of the Tobique itself to take with me when I explore that river.

During the forenoon I went out with Mr. J——, who, with the greatest kindness, did all he could to help me, driving me to an Indian village, where he introduced me to a friend of his called Joe, with whom we made a bargain that he should take me up to the Tobique, and thence as high as the stream would let us go. These Indians were living in log huts not larger than an ordinary dog kennel, and looked lazy and uncivilized. Mr. J—— told me a fact which throws a little light on a New Brunswick

winter—that he had seen the mercury solidified at Fredericton!—equivalent to 39 deg.

At Mr. J——'s house, where I spent a pleasant evening, I found the Indian whom I had hired waiting to tell me that he had procured a canoe, for which he wanted an advance of six dollars, besides one more to buy flour for his family in his absence. We started at 8 the next morning, with a supply of pork, biscuit, tea, and sugar for a fortnight's cruise. . . . Strong as was the current, Joe (for such was my skipper's name,) made the canoe shoot along with his pole at a rate which astonished me, not more, however, than the places through which he unhesitatingly guided her. The river was very low, and banks or "bars" of gravel and large shingle frequently divided it into one or more channels, which themselves were often so shallow as barely to allow even the light canoe to pass. On one occasion Joe had chosen one which had he known he would certainly have avoided, but, having entered it, he proceeded with a perseverance amounting to foolish obstinacy. Gently and cautiously he steered the little craft along a bank of shingle, which closed the upper entrance of the channel, and over which the stream was gurgling and tumbling in

a manner which made me rather nervous. "You will have to go back, Joe; you can never get over that," said I, though at the same time I had an unpleasant conviction that he was about to try, at any rate.

"I guess I can," was his quiet reply, and at the same instant, to my unbounded surprise, he shoved the canoe right on to a place where the stronger and more riotous rush of the current promised a little greater depth of water, though to go up there seemed about the same thing as going upstairs in a boat. My surprise was not much less when, with the assistance of a shove with his spear, which I had in my hand, we found ourselves safe in the deep water above.

Close by the mouth of a deep rocky gully we landed to dine on our pork and biscuit, having found fuel in driftwood scattered over the stony beach. Joe then proceeded to stop sundry leaks which had shown themselves with mixed rosin and grease, and then once more we launched our frail craft on the swift waters of the St. John.

Joe talked of finding quarters for the night in some one of the numerous houses which stud the banks of the river from St. John upwards. I don't much like

asking the hospitality of strangers when supplied with the means for camping out, unless the weather is very bad indeed, and I felt this disinclination more in New Brunswick than anywhere else. Under all circumstances the stranger finds himself the cause of inconvenience to his entertainers; their daily routine is interrupted, and they look uncomfortable, while the guest is thoroughly so, mentally and physically. He loses the glorious freedom of his camp, and both causes and suffers a constraint which is the death of comfort. Joe's bias was in favour of a Mr. P——'s house, about a mile higher up. Of this Mr. P—— I had never heard before; but I internally resolved that no force of circumstances should make me go there. But as I had no reason to back my decision, instead of openly rebelling, I waited, trusting to find some loophole whereby to escape.

The night began to fall, leaving little time to find what I sought, when a tow-boat moored to the banks with a vacant cabin or house astern caught my eye. "Good place for a man to sleep in on a wet night, Joe," I carelessly remarked, as we came up to it. "Yes, sir, first-rate." Joe had committed himself, and I hastened to secure my advantage. "Suppose

we sleep there to-night, Joe?" "Very well, sir, as *you* please." On a steep bank above us was a little farm-house, where I saw a man chopping firewood. We landed, and I inquired of him if the boat was his, stating my wish to pass the night in it. He said that "the boat was none of his, but that if I liked I might cook my victuals in his house, lie down by his fire, and welcome." The increasing rain was a strong argument in favour of this proposal, and as I could adopt it without inconsistency, I at once agreed.

So the Indian and I forthwith carried up our blankets, cooking-apparatus and food into a rough but very substantially built little house, where a roaring fire and well-heated stove contrasted with the gloom and rain outside. Two comely, middle-aged women (one of them the man's wife), and an old gentleman, his father, received us very graciously, supplying us with forks to eat with, and cream for our tea, treating Joe, too, with as much consideration as if he were a white man, setting a chair for him with all imaginable politeness. I had a long talk with the old gentleman, who had come from the States thirty years ago: and, like most of the

many Yankees I have met, seemed a very intelligent, well-informed man. On his hearing I had been in Australia, I had, as usual, to answer a multitude of questions, evincing great curiosity on the subject. The women especially took interest in the wool, wishing they had as much at their command, as then they could make as fine shawls as any one; for all New Brunswick farm-wives are provided with a spinning-wheel, and manufacture most of the woollen articles of their dress. I was much pleased by the straw hats so generally worn by the fair Bluenoses, setting off their undeniably good looks.

So bitterly cold was it next morning that on shaking hands with my entertainers, and bidding them good morning, I was resolved to walk part of the way, at least, though my weight in the boat would have been rather an advantage to Joe, as giving the strong head-wind less power to retard the canoe. After a brisk walk, I got on board, and endured the blast till I hardly knew that "I was I." So I again rebelled, and insisted on going on shore again. Here I contrived to entangle myself among elder thickets, and clamber about steep banks till I fell far astern of

the canoe, and was glad enough to embark once more and remain there quietly, covering myself with a piece of oiled canvas Mr. J—— had lent me for a tent. We reached, at noon, a collection of houses round a saw-mill, which had been built in one of those steep gullies generally chosen for such a building —mill privileges, as they call them. Here Joe found a blacksmith to put a spike on his pole, and had again to repair his canoe, which leaked annoyingly.

Cramped up in the bottom of the canoe, with scarcely room to stir, benumbed with cold, and shrinking from the bitter blast, I had now begun to appreciate the advice I had received, and rejected, to take with me a little spirits, as well for myself as the Indian, who had, in fact, taken care of himself; and that same small bottle of brandy which I had espied on starting with suspicion, became now of no small use. It is indeed an invariable rule to take a small quantity of grog for the Indian on these excursions, but it is not prudent to allow him free access to your stock. My own Indian, I was assured, was an exception to the rule, but they sometimes end in capsizing the canoe if they can get as much as they like.

While Joe was patching up his canoe I sat under

the lee of the steep rocky bank, clothed with thick alders, sketching him as he worked, bringing into the picture a log canoe or pirogue, poled across the stream by two men. I wish my pencil could do justice to the picturesque scene, or my pen to the beauty I heard, felt, and saw in that quiet half hour. The broad river rolling beneath the high forest-clad hills before me, glowing beneath a bright sun—the rushing of the boughs over me mingling with the clink of little bells, and the murmuring of the current against the stubborn rocks that it could not roll away—all gave a romantic dreaminess to the scene, which made me loth to rouse myself from the reveries it induced—reveries of the past and of other lands. But this dreaming won't help us to the Tobique, the object of my present dreaming fit. Come, Joe, we must be off.

We reached a Temperance inn, a mile beneath the mouth of the Tobique, at dusk. The wind had died away, and the clear sky over which the pale flashes of the northern lights streamed like waving locks of shining yellow hair, promised us a smart frost, which promise it fulfilled. There is a mysterious, almost an awful, beauty in these northern lights, in their thin delicate loveliness, as though the gates of heaven were

suddenly opened, and the glory from within—the glory of the Deity—beamed forth. As twilight deepens into night a faint yellow bank of light is seen rising above the northern horizon; while gazing, we become aware of the long streams of light, but we cannot tell the moment when first they existed—swiftly they rise and spread, but we cannot watch their progress—diverging from the bank of light as though they were the outskirts of some vast source of inexpressible splendour.

Next morning (the 25th) I started on foot for the mouth of the Tobique, which I had understood was a mile and a half from the inn. The walk in such glorious weather was delightful, and when I came to a cluster of houses on one side the river, and the junction of a biggish stream on the other, with another cluster in the angle of the junction, I could hardly believe I had reached the Tobique. So I went on till I met a waggon driven by a lad who looked hard at me, and said, "I say, mister, are you the man as wants to go to the Falls?" In fact I had told the innkeeper I was thinking of going on thither, as it would take a day or two to put the canoe to rights. "'Cos my uncle was at H——'s last night, and he told my father there was a man as was going to the Falls, so I came down to

see." "Whence do you come?" "Roostock, I guess." (The Aroostock is a river which joins the St. John about three miles above the Falls.) "I want to go *there*, but I don't want to go to the Falls, so you may take me if you like." Thereupon the lad becomes sceptical and guesses that I am not the man after all; I try to convince him, telling him that I had changed my mind, that there was no one else at H——'s, and that if he went there he'd just go for nothing; clenching my argument by representing that I *must* be the man, as I could not be there and here too; if I were at H——'s I could not be talking to him there. This puzzled him for a minute, but he extricated himself by recurring to his former doubts, till the question began to be whether I was I or somebody else. I settled it at last by turning away, saying I didn't care whether he took me or no, so he let me get in. My object at the Aroostock was to get some grog, the supply at the Tobique inn being out. I procured some excellent brandy, which will, I hope, keep a "fellow poling hard," as Joe says, in good spirits.

CHAPTER III.

DIARY ON THE TOBIQUE—THE INDIANS AND THE WIGWAM.

NEXT day, at 3 P.M., we started on our excursion into the wilds of the Tobique, a river with but few inhabitants, as far as sixteen miles up, and those chiefly unauthorized squatters. For about half a mile from the mouth it runs through a wide bed, cleft by two or three pretty islands, then a sudden turn brings us into the Narrows, like entering the gates of death; a deep narrow chasm, cleft through the rocks. High over-head on either side rise the rugged precipitous walls, crowned by overhanging birch and spruce forests.

On our emerging from these Narrows, Joe espied some wild ducks, one of which I hit at a long shot, though without disabling it. I rose, however, several pegs in Joe's estimation, who bestowed equal praises on

the rifle and its owner. "That was a good shot, I tell you; where did you get that rifle? She throws a ball well, I tell you."

On a rock where we landed to fish, I espied a harebell, the first I have seen for many years; and with its meekly hanging head it told me long and melancholy tales of times gone by never to return; not that old scenes may not be revisited, and the sunshine bright as ever, and the flowers blossom as then; but it is he who revisits them is past and gone—himself and not himself; the heart that saw them is dead, or worse, is changed, for that change kills not the memory, the long lingering gaze after the fading past.

On we go, shut out from the world by pile upon pile of forests, heaped up in heavy masses on the hills, whose feet the Tobique had washed for many years. Now that the sun was sinking, we began to fish with such tackle as we had. How my friend St. ——, that scientific and enthusiastic fisherman, would have laughed had he seen us trailing bits of salt pork over the water, to persuade the trout, who we believed to lurk below, that it was a fly; he, the while, preparing his reel and tapering bamboo, and elegant flies, and offering to give me a shilling for all he doesn't catch, while I give him

half-a-crown for all he does. But how would his ridicule be changed to wonder on seeing a splash and a bounce and a trout, as fast as Joe could cast his pork over the stream. I say Joe, for I must confess that the trout with that unaccountable caprice that fish are subject to, persisted in bestowing their custom on him only. Tired at last of fishing—Joe of success, and I of failure—we resolved to make a night of it with our prey on a low gravelly island or bar just opposite.

Then, indeed, the past seemed come again—all the old familiar preparations for "bushing it," which my life in Australia had made second nature to me. The kindling of a fire, the making up of a bed,—in this instance done simply by throwing the larger stones from the shingle on which we were to sleep,—the boiling of the tea,—the meal so highly relished,—the supremely gratifying pipe after that; then the spreading of blankets, the lying down to sleep with ten thousand stars to watch over us (unless there are ten thousand drops of rain instead), the gazing deeply into infinite space ere sleep closes the eyes, the deep hush of night only broken by the plash plash of the river over the rock, and the thronging memories which in those hours of still solitude come rushing on—oh! I could not think but

that I was in glorious, sunny Australia, till I looked round and saw the canoe, under the lee of which we lay, or Joe's red Indian face glowing in the light of the blaze as he heaped log upon log; and then I remembered I was the Port Phillip squatter camping in the woods of New Brunswick.

I was roused in the beginning of my sleep by a shout from Joe, which he accounted for, as he sat up looking bewilderedly around, by saying he had dreamed that he had hooked so large a trout that he capsized the canoe, and was shouting to me for help.

September 27th.—The four or five of the trout caught last evening remained after our supper: these, with pork and biscuit, formed breakfast; after which we resumed our cruise. We had proposed to add salmon-spearing to the other sports, and having neglected to bring salt to cure them, I climbed up a steep bank to a little house to get some. I found a good old lady,—a motherly sort of body, whose husband was out "lumbering." My rifle excited much admiration in her little son, who seized it at once with many exclamations of delight at the beauty of the stock; little wild animals these children of the woods are, where there are no schools to teach them manners; scampering about

like little beasts; staring at the stranger with the curiosity and surprise of the colt of the desert; active and untamed as squirrels. In reply to my inquiries about bears, the good old woman assured me that they had indeed "been very much afflicted with bears—they had killed three sheep of hers—and her husband had killed two in a trap and had shot one in the grain; oh! the biggest bear that ever was seen; six men couldn't hold him."

I went down again to the river and found Joe in a rather excited state about some ducks he had seen on an island, and of which, to his great delight, he had got one by a very long shot. After a while we landed again, and Joe discovered a partridge, as they call them here, though they much more resemble the grouse in form, though not in temper, for they will stand to be pelted with sticks and stones, almost too stupid or lazy to get out of their way. I shot this one, and thereby increased still more Joe's admiration of my rifle. This was the hard-wood or white-fleshed partridge. There is another variety called the spruce or soft-wood partridge, with dark flesh, and a more gamey flavour.

We landed to dine beneath a settler's hut on the opposite side of the river. I saw a tall, dark-haired

lady of the woods, young and comely, carrying a large spinning wheel, with which she stepped quickly and nimbly over the rough rocks till she stood opposite the hut, where her loud, clear tones rang through the air like a note from an organ; a signal to the house, whence shortly issued a man, who crossed and brought her over in a pirogue.

For fifteen or sixteen miles up the Tobique there are a few scattered settlers. The Campbell settlement, which has made some progress, terminates the permanent habitations on the river. Then come the half-savage lumberers and wanderers like ourselves; and for fifty or sixty miles the river knows no other human guests. Our object now was to find some place where we could get a good supply of trout for our evening meal; then to camp, spread our tents, and be miserable at our ease; but this we could not do,—find a fishing place I mean—for in that pouring rain there was no difficulty about the misery. On the extreme verge of the settlement we pitched our oiled canvas tent, and spite of rain, wet ground, and such disagreeables, spent a night of sound sleep. I had, according to Colonel H——'s advice, provided myself with a pound or two of composite candles—an item in their preparations

which I would advise no one to omit. In calm weather and beneath a tent they burn well, and are a great comfort. By their light I read and wrote and passed pleasant evenings, which otherwise might drag on rather slowly with only the uncertain flicker of the camp-fire to show you what you are about.

Joe watches me while I write with admiration and envy; he is learning to read—he has got a spelling-book and goes to school. I asked him if there were any books printed in the Indian language; he said there are a few, but was greatly shocked when I asked him (not remembering that the Indians hereabouts are all Catholics) if they had any Bibles, and replied indignantly, "No! not Bibles," as if he were repelling a charge of crime.

28*th*.—Next day, under pouring rain, we passed the junction of the Wapskebagan with the Tobique and the "Plaster Rocks," old red sandstone cliffs, containing gypsum, which, from its great fertilising properties, will probably give that spot considerable value in the event of a settlement being made on this part of the river. About here I first tried what I could do with the pole. The chief difficulty is simply to learn to stand in the little "tottling" canoe without capsizing it or tumbling

out. It is as in skating, swimming, or riding; all the tyro has to do is to overcome his fears and nervousness, and as soon as he has done so the rest is easy. In a short time I began to acquire confidence, could throw my weight on the pole, and shove the canoe along at such a rate that Joe assured me I "did it almost quite right."

The rain continued with such determination that I got sulky, and told Joe I had not come all the way from England to get wet on the Tobique, whereat he laughed heartily. After dinner I undertook to "fix" the guns, which wanted cleaning, but, not having so much as a screw to our ramrods, still less proper cleaning rods, I soon contrived to "fix" the ramrod of the gun in the barrel in such a manner as to get it into "a regular fix;" but Joe having waxed it out, I set to work on the rifle, and in two minutes got that into such a mess with a lump of rag at the bottom that I was about to give up that gun for the rest of the expedition. Joe, however, having examined it, observed, "I guess I can get it out," and then with a needle and a piece of thread and the ramrod of his gun, rigged up a machine with which I should as soon have thought of pulling up a stump, but with which his ingenuity soon extracted the rag.

After we had "fixed" our dinner and arranged our difficulties, we again strolled away into the uninhabited wilderness—uninhabited save by the "wild beasts" Joe is now keenly looking out for (being encouraged by a dream to expect to see a moose before night), or by lumberers scarcely less wild than they. These lumberers, many of them farmers or their sons, others men hired by dealers in lumber, go into the "wilderness" in the fall of the year, taking with them supplies for some months' abode in that savage land; endure hardships and severe toil, flies in unendurable numbers, rains, cold winds, and then frost and snow-storms of Arctic severity. When the ice breaks up and fierce torrents rush down from the hills, they launch their logs—stream-driving them, as it is termed—in the water half the time, and risking their life when at some narrow spot the crowding logs get heaped up into a jam. When once in the wide river, they are joined into a raft, and the lumberers start on their voyage down the rapid stream; their six months of toil completed, their pockets filled with money (I speak of *hired* men, not farmers; whose pockets are generally pretty well emptied by the process), they give themselves up to the unrestrained enjoyment of their supreme luxury—an

unlimited supply of the vilest whisky—till their money is gone; and they pass the summer as they can, till their season of toil returns. There seems to be a charm in this forest life, independent of the wages or the hope of large gains, which makes it difficult for those who have once entered on the pursuit to abandon it. Already the margin of the stream is strewn with spruce logs waiting for the first fresh; boats loaded with supplies are being towed up by horses; and now and then we pass a camp, and canoes, with two or three rough-looking men in red shirts, pass up and down the river.

Deep and wide and still and dark was the river, stretching away in long reaches like beautiful lakes—in many instances bringing before one the lovely scenes of Cumberland. Joe was now anxiously looking out for likely places to find the tracks of the moose where they came to drink; and with this view made the canoe glide gently into a quiet nook we saw among the alder groves—the entrance into a net-work of canals and water passages, through a thick forest of alders and low bushes. Into that death-like stillness we softly stole—not a sound was heard, save the lightest whisper in the water as Joe's paddle just touched it—the overhanging

trees slept silently in the twilight their leaf-laden boughs produced. So almost awe-inspiring was that unnatural quiet, that Joe and I instinctively abstained from speaking (as though we dared not break the silence); or if we spoke, it was scarce above a whisper. And as we entered the gates of that stilly labyrinth, a huge owl glided noiselessly by, like the presiding genius of silence, swiftly vanishing into the gloom beyond. With my rifle in my hand, and sight and hearing at their utmost stretch, we explored these secret ways till our progress was stopped by the shoaling of the water; and we returned without having seen anything save the old owl and a big lonely trout, who had probably chosen that quiet spot to meditate in—nor heard any sound save what we made ourselves.

Returning to the open river, we saw so many trout shooting about that we got out and began fishing. We offered them our apologies for flies manufactured with a couple of partridge feathers, tied to the hook with some coarse thread; and in two or three casts Joe landed as many of the speckled beauties. *My* wooing was all in vain, and in my spleen I had a good mind to try no more; but Joe insisted, and laying down his rod, "guessed he'd let me catch some now," taking his

paddle and guiding the canoe over the capricious crowd below. Perhaps it was the advancing evening which made the fish more eager to feed, or, perhaps, that I had begun to place my fly in a more tempting manner; at any rate, a trout was soon plunging at the end of the line: the spell was broken, and now Joe resuming his rod, we fished away, pulling up sometimes each a fish at once, till I thought we had enough for several meals—as I am not sportsman enough to enjoy killing for killing's sake.

Joe had selected for our camp that night a brow over the river, where the lumberers had cleared a small spot to place their logs in, preparatory to rolling them down to the river. It was like a chamber walled in on three sides by the matted forest, roofed over with the blackness of night; before us and beneath us ran the deep river and rose tall elms in the island it embraced with its clinging folds—but we saw them not from the edge of our little platform. It was like standing on the brink of the world — infinity might have been beneath us for all that we could see. At the foot of a huge dead old pine-tree, on the damp and oozy ground, we made our beds: the fire flashed on the grim trunks and branches and nodding boughs, which walled us in,

and this was all that we could see. But here in good humour with the world, I sat and watched Joe frying the trout, which half an hour before had been dancing merrily in the current. That is the way to eat fish —to whisk them, as it were, out of the water into the pan.

For the sake of those who object to fishing as cruelty, I may state what seems to me proof of the insensibility of the trout's mouth, as well as of its voracity and boldness. I had hooked one of these gentry, and just as I was lifting him from the water to the land he wriggled off the hook, and fell back just at my feet; and there I saw him plainly waiting for me to give him another chance, looking up as though he disputed the fairness of such doings; and on my dropping my fly over him, I wish I may never see another trout if he did not instantly "jump at the chance," and succeed in hooking himself so securely, that he never saw the Tobique more. Now will any one tell me that fish suffered tortures from the hook? No! it would be too much for even Martin to believe.

Joe became rather chatty this evening, regretting his not having brought his spelling-book, and singing book, giving me some account of his domestic affairs, telling

me, amongst other things, that he is a Yankee coming from the Penobseat; he discoursed on hunting and fishing, moose, bears, and salmon, and appeared on the whole to relish the fun of the thing.

The next day began with a damp, clinging, wreathing fog; very dismal looks a forest in a fog; in fact, nature is then in a fit of the vapours, and the very trees look desponding, as though the damp "put their hair out of curl." Joe's dreaming had now put him on the *qui vive* for moose, which he was confident of finding ere night, though my own expectations of such luck were very slight. Wherever a shelving bank or muddy spot on the margin of the river occurred, there he shoved his canoe; but especially he looked out for the little lagoons where the moose came to drink and crop the water weeds and the herbage which here and there they find along the banks. We came on one of these, a narrow shallow piece of water, between a little, low, alder-clothed island and the river banks; at the lower end, in a deep dark pool, we saw such numbers of trout that I could not help seizing my rod to try a cast, when, in a low, sharp whisper, I heard Joe exclaim, "There's a moose!"

Down went the rod, and all eagerness I caught hold

of my rifle; crouching down I gazed through the fallen timber which crossed the narrow channel, and at a distance of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, I saw a dark reddish-brown animal in the water. The eagerness which went near to prevent my taking aim I managed to restrain for the few seconds, during which I drew an imaginary line from my eye along the barrel of my rifle to the glossy flank of my destined victim; the sharp crack roused the echoes, and in three minutes the unfortunate creature, who scarce stirred six paces from where he received the shot, lay dead in the water. Then came hurry and excitement, and jumping ashore, and looking for the flask, balls, and knife, none of which in our haste could we find; while Joe, whose impatience could no longer be restrained, disappeared in the matted alder grove between us and our prey. Having at last found our ammunition exactly where it ought to be, I reloaded my piece and followed him; diving and ducking beneath the branches, and scrambling and plunging through till I reached the spot.

The moose lay in the water where I had shot him; the bottom was so muddy that Joe could only reach him by cutting down branches to step on, then making a piece of rope fast round his neck, we contrived to drag

him on to a few yards of clear turf, and there we cut his throat. He proved to be a young one, probably about two years old, a bull, and very fat, weighing perhaps about 200 lb., while a full-grown bull, standing about sixteen hands, might weigh 2,000 lb. This first moment of quiet showed me that we had got into the very head-quarters of the most venomous little demons of flies I ever was enraged by. My first cry was for a fire, to keep them off a little by the smoke, my first act to try and fill my pipe as a further defence; I was then obliged to walk incessantly about our narrow bit of turf, and began to wish I had never seen the moose, or at least had been lucky enough to miss him. Even Joe, who had before asserted that the flies never troubled him, could hardly endure their stings. Each of them raised on me a lump which lasted for days, and caused by their number a burning feverish heat. A mixture of tar and oil rubbed over the exposed skin is, I am told, a very good protection from these ministers of evil; but this I had not procured, being told that at this season there was no fear of them. The calm, warm, muggy weather must account for their numbers.

Well, we skinned the moose and cut him up, and scolded at the flies, and put the joints in the canoe,

and drank some grog, and while I pushed back the canoe out of the shallow channel, I began to reflect on my position. Here I was with a moose to begin with, which it would be a sin to throw away, but which could only be saved by camping for a couple of days and smoking him, that is, if I resolved to prosecute my journey up the river. But the incessant rain or fog almost defeating my chief object of traversing the woods and exploring the country, damped my energies, and finally, as I could only half do my errand at present, I thought it better to wait for a more favourable time. So away with the pole, Joe, take your paddle, or if you like it better, drift down the strong stream, and eat your raw pork if you are hungry, for here among the flies will we not dine.

But now Joe began to take an inexplicable fancy into his head. While we were skinning the moose, there passed on the other side of the island, hidden from us, a canoe full of lumberers loudly singing and laughing; he even then looked up with some apparent uneasiness, and hoped "they would not be uncivil to strangers, he guessed not." I asked him if they were likely to be, and thought no more of it. But when, while floating down, another canoe, with two men poling

and one man paddling her along with great speed, appeared coming after us, then he became, or seemed to become, seriously alarmed, talked of a gentleman having been robbed and murdered on the river by such men as these; took his paddle, and working hard, soon left the imagined pursuers behind. All this put me in a state of uncertainty. I had never heard of a word of danger to be feared from lumberers, had indeed heard only of their hospitality. But then Joe knew them well, and I not at all. The lonely river was well suited to deeds of violence; no doubt the greatest ruffians of the country are occasionally to be found in the lumberers' camp; and, after all, if these fellows should fancy we had grog with us, they might insist on our yielding it up to them. So, at any rate, I'll keep our fire-arms in a state for service. Joe meanwhile can go two miles to their one; and, even if he be humbugging, as I suspect, he is at all events hastening our homeward progress.

When Joe perceived that he could run away with ease, he relaxed his exertions, and so we drifted away till night fell on us, and between the piles of blackness, shapeless and undefined, we slid away silent and serious till we reached our second night's camp, where we resolved to

pass this drenching one too. But Joe's constant watchfulness and listening for noises produced the same restlessness of ear and eye in myself which I used to feel in the bush of Australia when camping out where the assaults of the wild "black fellows" might be expected; at last, after some false alarms, I went to sleep. Joe declared next morning he had scarcely slept through the night, nor held his hand off his gun. After breakfast and waiting an hour or two to see if the rain would stop, away we went down the river, stopping sometimes to fish, on one of which occasions I caught a trout of over two pounds' weight, which excited Joe's admiration and jealousy. To-day for dinner we first tried our moose, a steak of which I found to be perhaps even superior to the best beef-steak I ever tasted. Such indeed is the general opinion of this tender, sweet, and juicy meat.

I was more struck by the gloomy grandeur of the Narrows even than when I first saw them, a narrow chasm rent asunder in the rocks into which the broad noble river was suddenly crowded and crushed up, its placid smooth lake-like character changed to that of a dark mud torrent. The entrance is at a sharp turn, and on approaching it seems as though the water ended under the steep cliff, but on reaching it the narrow gate-

way is seen and the awful gulf opens before us; we look up, half expecting to see written over us "lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate." Even Joe was impressed by it, and remarked that "this was a cur'ous sort o' place."

Joe invites me to lodge at the Indian village on leaving the Tobique, telling me he could put me in a clean and comfortable house, though he could not promise me a bed. I agreed at once, as I am fond of seeing "human nature in all its infinite varieties." On landing, we were soon surrounded by a crowd of swarthy spectators, admiring the big trout held up to them by the exulting Joe, and the rifle which killed the moose, which I could see he was praising in no measured terms. The moose too occasioned some excitement; every one that heard of it came to see it, the rumour spread among whites and Indians, and I began to be pointed out as "the man who shot the moose."

While writing all this I am sitting in a rude little hut resembling very much the usual shepherd's hut in Australia; before me sits a squaw (Joe's sister) busily plaiting up a basket, which she never raised her eyes from on my entrance; beside her stands a small child crying bitterly because I looked at him, and now

and then an Indian comes in and looks over my shoulder while I write, a process which I always find especially excites a savage's surprise. Not that these Indians can really be called savages; still they have some of their original nature left, unfortunately much mixed with civilized vices.

After dining on part of our big trout, Joe introduced me to a brother-in-law of his named Michelle, to whose house I was escorted in the evening by himself and a number of his friends and relations, who, after a short chat with each other, wished me politely a good night and left me to myself. And here I am recounting the events of the day in a rude little hut, &c.

Michelle's hut is neatly built and painted, and consists of a room about fourteen feet square, with the usual stove in the middle, where the family live, and another smaller room which is given to me, neatly floored and the windows furnished with glazed sashes. The furniture consists of a chair and a table with a few trunks and boxes; I have spread my blankets in the corner on the boards. Round the walls are hung some of the gowns and shawls of the squaw (I was going to say lady) of the house, whom I hear conversing quietly

with her husband in the next room, in their own soft-sounding language, especially soft when spoken in the gentle tones of the squaws. Indeed it must be a language strangely deficient in melodious capabilities which sounds not sweet and soft from a woman's lips when she speaks quietly.

The village consists of two rows of houses, about twenty in number; between them is the village green where, in fine weather, before their doors family-parties are cooking their meals at bright fires. There is a chapel and burial-ground in which the graves are simply marked with a cross, and there is also some little land fenced in, and in a measure cultivated; but the Indians have no great genius for agriculture. This village is perched on a high bank in the angle formed by the junction of the Tobique with the St. John, commanding a very pretty view down the river and of the high hills beyond. It has altogether surprised me, as I had no idea of the extent to which the Indians are actually civilized, being in many instances good tradesmen, with a correct (in fact a very keen) appreciation of the value of money, talking English well and fluently, and having hardly more, if so much, of the savage as the peasantry in some of the remoter parts of England,

and still more Ireland, among the mountains of which may be found perhaps as complete savages as any in the world.

2*nd October*.—The first, a blowy, rainy day, I passed at the village, as quiet and comfortable as I could wish. This morning, at eight o'clock, we started on our way down to Woodstock with the dried moose-flesh wrapped in the skin, a small enough parcel. The wind blowing right a-head, we had no time to go ashore and cook our pork, a usual preliminary to a meal, which on this occasion we dispensed with. As we approached Woodstock, we entered a reach of the river so beautifully closed in by fine mountains, and so brightly shone upon by the moon, that Joe became almost enthusiastic, and suggested that I might as well "mark it down," *i.e.* sketch it.

We reached Woodstock by 8 P.M., so I paid Joe, and there was my trip ended, in many respects a complete failure, weather having defeated half my objects. But I have not done with the Tobique; an idea has entered my head which sticks there; a plan is forming in my mind. I have not shaken hands with the wilderness, nor am I going to be satisfied with a moose and a few trout. The desire of my soul has ever been for

the wild lands of the world and the free life of the bush; and now I can satisfy it, how shall I refrain? No! back will I go and build me a hut in those dark forests ere the snow fall and the frosts enchain the river, and there will I await the coming of the mighty armies of the north. In plain English, I will pass the winter on the Tobique, that will I, Joe, in spite of the terrible lumberers whom to fear, or to pretend to fear, as you did, shows you in the one case a foolish, in the other a knavish fellow, my dear Joe. But as thou art a willing and a smart, and, as things go, a tolerably honest sort of rogue, if thou wilt, come and build with me a camp and show me where to seek the moose, and the cariboo, and trap the sable, and slay the cruel wolf, and then with more dollars in thy pocket than I believe thou deservest, leave me to fight in solitude my battle with the wilderness and the beasts thereof, and with fierce winter and the terrors thereof. And Joe said he would, and he said too he would take me to Fredericton in his canoe; but, as it happened, Joe did neither, inasmuch as Joe, as I learned afterwards, got drunk on the "settlement" the night of our arrival and quarrelled, and in his valour did so cruelly beat his opponent, that he judged it convenient to "clear off"

without consulting me on the matter. So I saw Joe no more.

I started on the 6th by stage for Fredericton, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. G——t, to whose kindness I am indebted for much valuable information. Few know the Tobique river better than he does, and good cause he has to remember it, for there indeed he came near to end his days. He lost himself in the forest, wandered for some days in the most inclement weather, without fire and without food, and was found only by means of a handkerchief which he had tied on an alder when he lay down and would soon have died, had he not soon after been found by a party of lumberers in that condition. An interesting account of this adventure has been published in *Chambers' Journal*, where I remember reading it, and being strongly impressed by it some years ago. Little did I dream while reading it in the Australian bush, that I should be led in the course of my own wanderings into the scene of an adventure which interested me so much.

A day was sufficient to arrange my affairs in Fredericton, and on the 8th I took my way back to Woodstock, eager to complete the preparations for my retreat into

the wilderness. Three days I passed there, collecting supplies, casting bullets for the benefit of the moose in the blacksmith's shop, and discussing my project with my friends. They seem much interested with the idea, many laughing at it, many, on the contrary, thinking it a very promising scheme, and wishing they had time for the like. The chief doubt expressed is whether I shall be able to endure the solitude; my own doubt is whether I shall find my patience in that respect much tried, as lumberers are continually up and down the river.

I have met with a queer character who made his appearance at Ballack's hotel, where I was sitting with J——. A harsh voice, with the genuine Yankee twang, sounded in the doorway of the room, asking if "a drop of liquor could be had there?" Turning round, we beheld a slim young fellow dressed in that style intended to be the extreme of buckishness, which produces the extreme of blackguardism; the most remarkable feature of his costume being a cravat, the bows of which stretched at least eighteen inches from end to end, hanging down by their own weight in voluminous folds. "I don't think you'll find much difficulty," said I; "the best way is to step out there and call

'Jack.'" Loud shouts for "Jack" succeeded, and being supplied with his brandy, he mixed in it, American fashion, a large quantity of sugar, and invited us to drink with him, which honour we declined. But our friend must needs have a companion in his drinking, so looking about he espied an old fellow of a labourer in his shirt-sleeves standing in the doorway. "Ah, here," said he, "is an old 'coon 'll drink with this nigger, I guess. I say, my old 'coon, take a glass o' liquor?" The old 'coon, with a wink at us and a delighted grin, accepted the invitation, so the two hob-and-nobbed together, while my friend could not help remarking to the outlandish animal, that he used a pretty large quantity of sugar in his brandy.

"I guess so, I come from where the sugar grows," and as he put down his glass he went on to the old 'coon, nodding aside at us,—"These here gentlemen wouldn't drink with this nigger, 'cos they happen to have a little better clothes than mine, but never mind, I think a d—d sight more o' you than I do o' them, old boy." At this manifestation of a wish to kick up a row, J—— looked as if about to pitch him out of the window, but the reflection that the tipsy beast was not worth it prevailed, and he let him go on to remark,

"I ain't a big 'un, a kick now would send me half way into next week; I'm leetel, but——" here he stepped forward and played some extraordinary antics with great agility, and finished the performance by a series of self-satisfied winks and nods. He then went on to say, "Stop, I've got a lady here in the next room I'm going to treat," and he poured out a glass of brandy. The lady was a very respectable and very good-looking young woman, waiting apparently for some one, and now on the point of suffering the infliction of this Southern buck's civilities. The catastrophe I was not able to wait to see, but I should think he was already half way into next week, if he has not been helped to the end of it.

I had now completed my arrangements, and having bid my friends farewell, with a deep sense of the kindness and hospitality they had shown me on all occasions, I started at 5 A.M. on the 12th of October, on my flight to the wilderness. I went by the stage, and at two o'clock reached the Tobique, which I had already begun to fancy an old friend. I had already arranged matters with two Indians, Michelle whom I have already mentioned, and Moulton, another brother-in-law of Joe's, whom I had observed to be an industrious and ingenious fellow. Joe attributes to him enormous

strength, asserting that he can not only shoulder with ease 100 lb. barrel of pork, but can even lift an ox from the ground, feats which I should like to see him perform. This man and his brother (my landlord) are together to make my camp, when the latter leaves me, the other remaining for two or three weeks to teach me the woodcraft of America. I have now to wait the arrival of the boat which is to bring my supplies. These consist of pork, biscuit, flour, tea and sugar for about three months' consumption, ammunition, warm clothing fit for the winter, cooking utensils, two axes, a few tools, and a pair of snow-shoes, without which there is no stirring on foot through the deep snows of North America.

CHAPTER IV.

SOLITUDE IN THE FOREST—CUTTING DOWN TREES.

Wednesday, 15th.—My supplies arrived safely yesterday, and to-day I began my somewhat rash enterprise. Once more I passed through the Narrows with Moulton only, his brother having been detained by the preparations of a boy who was to go up with him to a part of the river called Chaquastock, which means Big Jam, to join his father, who was hunting on the Blue Mountains. We dined at a stream called the Three Brooks, reached the Red Rapids in the evening, and camped on the other side, bitterly cold too.

Thursday, 16th.—A few miles higher we came to the noble cliff of red gypsiferous sandstone; it looks as though it had been built by those ancient stonemasons, the Titans. It overhangs the river, a frowning mass, and, as a friend of mine very justly observed, makes one feel glad to get from under it. Now we began to look out for the blazed tree which marks the spot

where the projected road from the Great Falls comes out on the Tobique, and near which I propose to make my camp. Bitterly cold was the evening, and very tired was Moulton, with the severe labour of poling up the strong river with our heavily-laden canoe, and gladly did we jump ashore, on discovering the elm-tree we sought. Forthwith I seized an axe, and began striking furious blows at a log which I had mentally devoted to the flames of our camp-fire, but I had soon to drop my weapon and stand helplessly looking on, for the cold handle had completed the work already begun by the cold air, producing the pain known in my childhood by the name of "hot-ache."

When this had partly abated, I looked round to see what sort of place we had got into. It was a narrow bit of "intervale," through which flowed a murmuring brook, hidden by thick alders and matted brush; over the whole flat was a dense growth of elm, birch, and spruce trees; long grass, elder, raspberry-bushes, and thick herbs, among which hung the network of the clinging grape-vine.

Then we cooked one of the two or three partridges I had slain during the day, and after that, while we smoked our pipes, and Moulton prepared some of the

willow-bark which the Indians mix with their tobacco, and which has, when burning, a strong musky smell, we discussed some of the provincial political questions; such as the boundary which Nicholas declares will soon be the St. John itself. Then we talked of the hunter's lore, of lucifees (or lynxes), sables, bears, and that king of these forest-beasts, the moose. Moreover, he told me some of his own hunting reminiscences, especially of an expedition with an officer of the ——th regiment, whose freaks and vagaries he recalled with infinite amusement; and of another, who dropped behind in a chase after a moose on snow-shoes, in the use of which he had not had much practice, wandered about through the night, was found by Moulton half-frozen to death, and had to be dragged on a tarboggin (or small sledge) for twenty or thirty miles. I told him of Joe's fright, before mentioned, which he accounted for by his being a stranger on this river, and afraid, too, perhaps of the Mohawks, of whom these Indians believe that they watch secretly all their movements, and know every one of their proceedings.

17*th.*—This morning we were up breaking our fast at daybreak, then we went up the gully, clambered up a steep hill, and fixed on the spot for my

camp; the chief requisites being a place tolerably clear from fallen trees, level, and with a sufficient supply of hard wood for fuel. The trees of North America are divided into hard wood and soft wood by the usage of the country; the former including maple, beech, birch, elm, oak, &c., whose presence indicates a good soil; the latter class comprising all the varieties of pines, firs, and cedars, a thick growth of which tells no flattering tale to the agriculturist; besides which they are unfit for firewood in a house, from their trick of showering miniature rockets in all directions, with reports like firing pistols.

The spot we selected combined the required advantages; at the foot of the hill runs a noisy little brook from which I could see myself painfully lugging buckets of water up the steep bank. But this is a trifle weighed against the advantages of such a site. While Moulton remained to clear the place a little, and "bush out" a track to it, I returned to the camp and busied myself in little domestic employments, such as cleaning the cooking utensils, &c., after which I took a walk and knocked a partridge's head off with my rifle.

After dinner Moulton started off again for the woods to begin building my mansion, and soon I could hear

his axe ringing through the forest. As my inexperience in such a business would render my help of little use, and as I did not much like leaving the camp to the mercy of the passers-by, I remained there cutting firewood and doing odd jobs. We have been all day expecting Nicholas, Moulton's brother, with the rest of my supplies; and now that evening has come without him, and our tea and sugar all but gone, we begin to feel uneasy; but the Rapids may have proved a greater obstacle than we found them. An Indian never dreams of the possibility of capsizing his canoe through mismanagement, nor ever does when sober, which few of them like to be if they can help it. But a man has hardly fair play at these Red Rapids from the slipperiness of the rocks.

Before he started for the woods, Moulton began discussing the best way to make my hut, objecting to make it all of logs, because, he said, there would be so many holes between them, (the real reason being, that it would be a longer and more toilsome way,) and proposing to make it of cedar split into broad paling, as an Australian would call it. So we discussed that and the roof, till my questions and objections convinced him that I did not know what I was talking about; whereupon he

jumped up and marched off, saying, "I guess I'll fix it my own way," which I begged him by all means to do.

18*th.*—Sharp frost last night, but, thanks to a large rug, or rather piece of drugget, which I got in Fredericton, I can defy any moderate degree of cold, and slept as warm as if I had been in my own bed at E——. Moulton, by skill and strength prodigious, beyond anything I have met with, has already half finished a very substantial little hut. The enormous logs he has somehow conveyed to their places at the foundation of the building would have required, I believe, three ordinary men to move from where they were cut to where they now are. To test his strength I gave him a wedge of lead which I had to bend, never believing that he or any man could do it with the hands alone. He not only bent it, but fairly bent it double. I would not believe Joe's statement that he could lift an ox off the ground; I would not doubt it now, if he told me he could take up two, and walk away with them, one under each arm.

Meanwhile his brother has not come yet, and I have made up my mind, annoying as it will be, to start off again down stream to find out what has happened.

19*th.*—Having hidden our stores, we, in an ill-

humour, launched our canoe, and paddled down the stream. But just as we passed the Plaster Rocks we descried the objects of our search preparing to start from their encampment of the night before, and with faces wherein the frowns were all banished by smiles, we joined them and returned together to the camp. Nicholas, we found, had been obliged to hire another canoe, as the load was more than could be taken through the Rapids by one,—which had caused the delay.

The two brothers have been hard at work all day at the "house on the hill," which is almost finished, splitting cedar logs with wooden wedges into thin palings 12 feet long, for the roof and sides. I went out hunting, as we have nothing but pork to eat; shot a partridge, and took a cruise through the woods till I was tired. As I sit now by the crackling fire, the past scenes of my wandering life arise before me. The mountains of Madeira, the lakes of Cumberland, the throngs of London, the plains and forests and burning skies of Australia, and the stormy ocean, pass hurriedly before me.

Two lumber-men, going up the river, paid my camp a visit, drank a pot of tea, and told me of a lake only a mile or so from my camp. They seemed quite puzzled

as to what I am doing, and wanted to know if I was surveying the road or going to settle. I told them I was doing neither of these things, but only wanted to see the country.

Nicholas and Lolah (the boy) became quite uproarious with their fun this evening. Very different are these Indians from the Indians of romance,—none of the taciturnity, laconic speech, and solemn apathy of Uneas or Chingachkook.

21*st*.—The Northern Lights last night looked like a fluttering canopy of pale fire or yellow curtains blowing about. Nicholas and I started this morning on an excursion up the river, Lolah accompanying us with his own canoe. Moulton, during our absence, which might last three or four days, was to "fix" the camp completely, and make me a canoe and "tarboggin," or light sledge, such as a man can draw over the snow with a load of from 200 or 300 weight. A few miles below the piece of backwater where I had shot the moose, the two Indians went ashore, without stating their object, but immediately began hunting among the stones, as though they were looking for gold. I began hunting too, without knowing for what, till Nicholas showed me some queer pieces of sandy clay he had

picked up, moulded apparently by the hand of man into grotesque forms, which he seemed to prize highly, assuring me they were made by the Indians a long time ago, and, as far as I could make out from his story, were intended to represent men; at least, he called them "little Indians," though they had no resemblance to anything particularly. I believe them to be of natural formation, or at least the result of the continued action of fire and water upon the peculiar soil of the place. I went on hunting myself among the shingles till I found what I wanted, viz., a good whet-stone, which pleased me far better than all the "little Indians" in the world.

We reached Cha-quaskook or Big Jam, where we camped on the island for the night. By the lumberers it is called Graball Island, from an eddy which drives all the lumber and drift-wood floating down the stream into one general complication.

21*st.* — Rain came in bucketsfull in the night; thunder and lightning this morning. Nicholas went across to the Big Jam to fish, and brought back eleven fine trout for breakfast. Then Lolah made preparations for starting through the woods to his father's camp at the Blue Mountains, full in sight, at the distance of

eight or ten miles; a noble hill about 2,000 feet high. A great part of the country we passed through had been devastated by a terrible fire many years ago; and now bare, leafless, almost branchless, skeletons of trees over miles and miles of a brown and dreary landscape, stuck over it like pins in a pin-cushion; the fleshless bones of the forest giants, bleached bare, stuck up to dry and decay.

When Lolah had hidden his things and vanished into the wood, Nicholas and I started on our return, being deterred from further exploration by bad weather. We passed a spot on the very edge of the river, where the shingle was blackened and caked firmly together by some hard cement, which is probably some form of bitumen or asphalte. The stones were crusted thinly over with it, and when rubbed on the hand it left such a gloss as is produced with rubbing them with plumbago. Among them I discovered also some metallic particles resembling lead. Nicholas was as much interested in it as I was, and scooped away with his paddle till he found there was a regular bed or vein of this curious substance binding the stones so firmly together that a pickaxe or crowbar would be necessary to dig them up in any quantity.

A tributary called the Aqualquac joins the Tobique, up which we went for perhaps two miles, and found it little else than a succession of rapids, a narrow swift, shallow little river running between strips of intervale laden with the thickest jungle of alder, birch, poplar, ash, willow and all sorts of trees and bushes, while the uplands are darkened with an equally thick growth of spruce. In one place we encountered cliffs of silurian rock reappearing from under the red sandstone, rising over the river about 150 feet, and forming a very grand, wild, impressive scene; altogether the Aqualquac struck me as the gloomiest, most romantic, lonely little river I have ever seen, and I felt almost relieved on emerging from its dark recesses into the wide Tobique.

I baited my hook with a bit of one of the trout Nicholas had caught, and we soon had the boat half full of them. Within a mile of our camp Nicholas suddenly showed symptoms of intense excitement, stopping the canoe and ejaculating vehemently. It turned out that he had espied a dead salmon at the bottom of the river; such a prize was not to be lightly abandoned, and after a deal of trouble we contrived to get him on board. He weighed about twelve pounds, and had been killed by a

spear, the wound in the back appearing plain enough, and as he showed no signs of having been long dead, we conveyed him home in triumph. I assured Nowell (the other Indian) that I had shot him, to which he answered by an energetic "pshaw."

And now I sit in my camp, warm and snug it is indeed. Moulton, who has just finished making an axe-handle, is smoking a pipe and watching me. Nicholas is warming himself by the bright fire in the corner; the tarboggin is in another, snow-shoes in another, and all the luggage scattered about. To-morrow they are to make me a log canoe, and then abandon me to my own resources.

Friday, 24th.—Alone, utterly alone, at last I find myself to-night. Last night Nicholas and Nowell were singing French songs in duet, or Nowell was chatting with me on hunting or gossip, or complaining of the usage of the Indians in this province, or telling me of the wars in olden time, or of the Mohawks, of whom they have a sort of superstitious dread, believing that every summer they despatch emissaries through the provinces, who lurk in the woods watching their ancient foes the Melicetes, to see what they are about. For in former days they waged fierce and bloody wars

with each other, and once the Melicetes launched some fifty or so of the Mohawks down the Great Falls into eternity.

But the chatting and the singing are heard no more in my camp, and now begins the life I have chosen for the ensuing winter, the life of a lonely trapper and hunter, a wanderer through these gloomy wilds in search of the sable, the moose, the cariboo—a life of toil and hardship and utter freedom.

After a breakfast at sunrise, away went the two brothers axe in hand, to fell and hew out a cedar into a canoe for me to cross the river, and work up to the fishing about a mile up the river. For the pedestrian can rarely travel even a mile by the river-side without toiling through scarce penetrable thickets, or wading through the water itself. I had enough to do in baking bread and putting the camp into order to occupy me till their return about eleven o'clock, when they informed me that they had made "some kind of a canoe," but a smile on their lips and a twinkle in their eye as they looked at each other, made me pretty sure that it was a queer kind at any rate, for indeed three or four hours would scarcely produce a very finished craft.

Then came the "settling," and the parting in-

structions of Nowell to "mind the fire," and not to cut myself with the axe, and how to set the sable traps, and where to look for otters, and how to skin them, which he illustrated by skinning the weasel which I had shot and which he had kept—opening it only at the hind legs, stripping the skin off entire, and then drawing it over a flat piece of wood to dry. Then we walked down to the river in Indian file, while thickly showered on us the first snow of the season, which had begun at eleven, and was now clothing the forest with a white garment such as I had not seen for many a year. At the river-side I saw my canoe, a hollow log it was, open at each end, and low enough in the middle for a man to stand in it without swamping it, provided he remains there. The instant I saw it, I had no doubt of acquiring a practical acquaintance with the Tobique in my very first voyage. Nowell evidently expected the same, and strongly advised me not to attempt an excursion in my "pirogue," in cold weather. He himself, to show me its capabilities, boldly shoved off in it, and drove it with his enormous strength against the current with all possible ease.

And so away they went; we shake hands, Nowell bids me take care of myself, down the stream they quickly glide, and I, with my rifle in my hand and a steel otter-

trap slung over my shoulder, walked back to my nest with a feeling of strange and wild exultation at finding myself in the imperial despotism of solitude, which could scarcely be restrained from venting itself in an excited yell.

Well, in my camp I stood once more, snow falling thickly without, a bright glowing fire within; here was my palace, around me the kingdom I was to dispute with the wild beasts of the forest. So I dried and cleaned up my rifle, turned everything over in my hut, and reduced it to order, looked at my stock of firewood, and satisfied myself that to-morrow I must devote to one prolonged, determined chop-chop. Then I took a dozen trout that I had left down to the brook, and cleaned them, brought them back and salted them preparatory to smoking them, cutting off the heads to serve as baits for the sable traps.

Moulton, I should have told, as a security for himself in the event of "anything happening"—that is, of my getting killed somehow—got from me a written assurance of his having left me in good health and preservation; remarking, "if anything went wrong with me, it might play the very devil with him," which laid him open to suspicion that he had known such things

happen. I had confidence in him individually, or I would have declined enabling him thus, with perfect safety, to be himself the "anything which might happen."

When I had salted my fish, it was time for my evening meal—a trout and a bit of bread, with a pot of tea, served for this—a pipe for a finish; and now I lie on my spruce-bough bed, my knee serving for a desk—a candle beside me, stuck on a cedar splinter fixed in the ground—and now let me describe the place as I see it when I look up from my page. A building ten feet square; the walls formed in the first place of three big logs laid on each other; against these are placed upright split cedar planks, three on one side, straight up—on the others slanting inwards against the roof, carried from the upright side to the upper log on the opposite side. The chimney consists of an opening between the roof and the upright side—beneath this opening and against the logs themselves the fire is lighted. Why the place is not forthwith burnt down is a problem I cannot yet solve, and probably never shall, as the most experienced can only answer that "they don't know, only it never does." As for the door, it is a little hole left in the side—a blanket

hung over it outside keeps the wind out more effectually than would a door of solid materials. Opposite the fire a spar divides off the "bedroom," which consists of a layer of spruce boughs in the corner: on these are spread my blankets; in the other stand three barrels, containing my supplies of pork, biscuits, flour, tea, sugar, and sundries. Stuck round the walls are knives, bags, articles of clothing, &c.; buckets, pots, and pans complete the furniture. The inhabitant of this little den is clothed in a red flannel shirt and coarse home-spun trowsers, mocassins on his feet, a broad belt round his waist, in which is stuck a large sheath knife and a pouch for bullets, &c.

25*th*.—I feel more civilized to-night. I made me a table to-day, and sit and write now like anybody else, instead of making a desk of my knee. It is true that my table rests on a couple of barrels, while a third and a smaller one, containing my salt pork, is my chair, which, however, I must replace to-morrow with some sort of stool.

As soon as I had got up this morning, and put some wood on the fire, I began a job which I had planned some time ago, and which lasted me till noon, but of which I shall give no particular explanation, as

I never intended the result of my labours to be revealed to the public. The job is, in fact, just to contrive a secure hiding-place for such things as I did not wish every chance caller to be overhauling in my absence. I flatter myself that the height of inquisitiveness only could ever "spring the plant," as they say in Australia. I next began to think about dinner, and just learned the difficulty of getting up a good blaze with green wood covered with snow. So much time did it take to-day to cook my dinner and bake a "damper" in the ashes, that 2 P.M. arrived ere I had eaten my piece of partridge.

I had then to choose out of many urgent needs which was the most urgent. I then recollected that Nicholas, just before he left, knocked down a huge birch-tree, which I had thought too close a neighbour in a gale of wind, and which had fallen right across my road to the brook. Whoever has carried buckets of water up-hill, and had half the contents spilled before he could reach the top by tripping and stumbling and knocking up against trees, will sympathize with my feelings. So I went to war with the birch. With much puffing and panting and the sweat of my brow, I made a clean breach through his big carcase; then cleared

the whole past completely; then set to at cutting firewood; and after that made my table and re-arranged the furniture of my bed-room. And so the day passed in toil, which leaves me this evening weary and cheerful, rejoicing in my snug little den, rejoicing in the glowing fire, in the bright candle-light; in short, quite content, except, indeed, with the state of my larder. Half a partridge is all I find there, except the pork, which I would rather avoid eating, and the salt trout, which I want to dry and lay by for greater need. But the truth is, I have not time yet to go out hunting. I must lay in a stock of firewood before the winter sets in. The weather has at present the charm of variety, if it has no other; ringing the changes from snow to frost, from frost to rain, from rain to snow again, with a delightful perseverance. It is no life of idleness. Every minute of daylight must be made use of while I am here, and here I must be, whatever be my wishes, till at least the river is frozen or the snow is deep enough to get about on snow-shoes. For the wilderness of New Brunswick differs from a turnpike-road in two particulars—one, that there are no vehicles to be met with, and the other, that even on foot it can hardly be traversed.

26*th*.—My life is merging into one immeasurable chop. I have left off all to-day only for my meals and a ramble to the river, occasioned by the call of a moose twice repeated. This, with the finding the tracks of a lucifee in the snow, put me quite into an excitement; but no moose or lucifee did I find. The process of cutting firewood is simply this:—I march with stern resolve up to a birch or maple tree, axe in hand, first ascertain in which direction he will fall, and then belabour him with a shower of blows, till down he comes with a thundering crash, tearing a road for himself among cedars, spruce, and bushes beneath, as if they were but reeds. Then, like the Irishman, I hit him again for falling—that is, I chop up his trunk into logs about three feet long, which I afterwards split into billets. If I had but a couple of iron wedges and a mallet, I could then do this last in half the time it takes me with the axe. In this work I propose to pass the next week or so. It does not add to the pleasure of the business that my hands, unused to labour for some time past, have become soft, and are blis ering with the jar of the axe-handle, nor that the melting snow is dripping and slopping all over me.

The only animals I often see in these silent wilds

are the saucy little squirrel, the moose-bird, the barred woodpecker, and occasionally a few sober-hued little birds fluttering amongst the branches. The squirrel, whose chirr-chirr is constantly heard, is a ridiculous little fellow; each one seems to have his own particular haunt, and if you enter it, there is no end to the abuse he will bestow upon you. I have seen him come and sit on a log close by me, and scold and harangue till he began in his indignation fairly to shake his little fists at me, as though he would say, "how dare you come here without the leave of me?" Although my mission here is to destroy, these comical little creatures I have not the heart to injure; their chattering enlivens the gloom of the woods; their pranks amuse me—besides, they are of no use. Neither do I like to hurt that most impudent thief, the moose-bird, the most barefaced pilferer I ever saw. No sooner is a camp formed than round come hovering two or three of them —hangers-on of forest society; no sooner is one's back turned than down they pounce on the food, and will hardly be driven from it either. The Indians delight in snaring them or knocking them down with sticks or stones; and I delight in their impudence, and do not grudge them the bit they eat. They are white be-

neath and blue-gray on the backs, somewhat larger than the English thrush, and I imagine of the family of the butcher-bird or shrike.

27*th*.—The weather has given us to-day snow, rain, and fog, all at once, with the addition of hail —putting one in mind of mixed bitters. In the evening it wound up with a genuine snow-storm; thick and fast fell the silent shower, so as we seldom see it fall in England, while the wind groans through the rending boughs in mournful gusts like deep sobs. Now and then a crack like the blow of an axe startles me, caused probably by the striking together of the rocking branches, and just now the crash of a tree blown down close by the camp made me expect instant destruction, for I believed it to be a maple to whose neighbourhood I have a thorough dislike, as he leans over in such a manner that if he fall he must crash through my roof, and finish my adventures there and then. But it was not my suspicious friend, whose acquaintance I think I shall to-morrow cut once for all—with my axe.

This morning I splashed down through the rain to the river to look at my "sort of a canoe," lest the river, which must certainly be rising very high,

should take it from me. The path down the gully has become little better than a brook, which brook itself has become quite a young torrent, overflowing the two bridges by which we crossed to where it crosses the track, and forcing me to splutter and scramble about among cedars and alders, and everything moist and unpleasant, in search of another.

28*th.*—Chop—chop—chop. This chopping of fuel has become to me like the money-gathering of the miser; even as he is tormented by the constant fear of want and starvation in the winter of his years, so have I ever in my mind the dread of the winter before me. So I grudge every bit of wood I put on the fire, and only cease chopping when I can barely raise my hand for the blow.

That stormy wind has torn away the thick veil of vapour from the heavens, and gloriously shone the morning sun on the glittering snow—now three or four inches deep, and covering the trees with its stainless mantle—they standing around me like tall, graceful ladies dressed in white muslin—a material rather unsuited to the weather.

The wild beasts seem to hold a regular conclave round my camp. Last night, with as much excite-

ment almost as Robinson Crusoe felt at sight of the footprints on the sand, I found the tracks of the moose at my very door; while all around I saw those of the lucifee, the sable (or it might be a skunk), and others which I could only attribute to a bear.

29*th.*—I wonder whether it always rains on the Tobique, except when it snows. The rain is now clattering on the cedar roof like the scampering of a hundred mice. The snow, after all, has its uses even for me. This morning I had to build up the fireplace with stones and mud (for, after all, the log I build my fire against *does* burn in a smouldering sort of way), and, to make the mud, all I had to do was to puddle snow and earth altogether. Then the salt provisions that I have to live on now produce an excessive thirst while I am at work; to assuage this every bough which hangs near me is laden with its cold, crisp burthen, which is also convenient. Again, a cold bath I consider a first-rate luxury. Now, when I want it, all I have to do is to undress and roll in the snow, which is comfortable.

Last night I saw the Aurora, and knew that the fine weather would not last. In Scotland, where it is frequently seen, it is considered a forerunner of

rain and storm, and, as far as my experience goes, it is so. This may be accounted for thus:—The atmosphere is a bad conductor of electricity, but by rarefaction its conducting powers are increased. Now, the Aurora is proved by a common electrical experiment to be the passing of an electric current through a highly rarefied medium. Before and during the bad weather, the density of the air, as is shown by the barometer, is considerably diminished, and its conducting powers therefore increased. In such a condition the phenomenon of the Aurora Borealis is therefore more likely to occur, and so may be looked upon as a magnificent aërial barometer. In the Arctic latitudes, where it is seen almost every night, and is so intensely brilliant, I suppose it is always in the higher and thinner regions of the air, while in these lower latitudes it occurs at a lower latitude; or it may be that, owing to the intense dryness of the air during a polar winter, so large a quantity is accumulated that it is enabled to force its way through a medium which would oppose the progress of a less intense charge, as an overcharged Leyden phial discharges itself through it over the glass.

30*th*.—The river has risen very high—a strong

crumpling flood—and has, moreover, carried away my "sort of a canoe," for the edification of the inhabited parts of the river. Perhaps I ought to be thankful for the event, but it is a great disadvantage to be without the means of crossing or travelling on the river, as the banks now are almost impassable, and there is no fishing ground within reach of me.

31*st*.—Since yesterday afternoon till now, a space of twenty-seven hours, the grey sky has been, not raining, but pouring down cataracts of water upon the steaming forests. I say *steaming*, for a damp, blue vapour is all the while curling, like wreaths of smoke, among the tree tops—dismal to see—and still falls the torrent on the cedar roof—still the woods shed floods of tears, showering from every leaf, and splash, spit, splash, come the large drops into the fire down the chimney, or rather the hole which the smoke is *supposed* to go through, but which it does not always do. The smoke from a wood fire is intolerably pungent from the presence of pyroligneous acid gas, to which are owing its strong antiseptic qualities, as well as the peculiar flavour it gives to smoke-dried meat.

At present I must confess that, while moping in

my smoky, lonely, leaky-roofed camp, I am disposed to think rather despondingly of things in general, to forget the many pleasant days I have really passed in the province, when the enjoyment of delightful weather has been enhanced by the society of the kind friends I have met with, and to forget, too, that the close of autumn is not famed, generally, for serenity anywhere; and to overlook, besides, the fact that the circumstances which in my case make such weather so peculiarly depressing, are not those of ordinary life, but are of my own creation, and that, as sailors say, it is, after all, "what I shipped for."

CHAPTER V.

CRUISING THROUGH THE FOREST—THE SNOW FALLS.

November 1*st*.—A strong north wind has followed the down-pour; and just to show how thick these forests are, the only evidences I have of a strong wind, and its direction, are its mournful harsh sighing through the tree-tops and the motion of the clouds, for scarcely a breath reaches aught below. But a north wind generally tells its own tale by a most unequivocal frost.

I laid a big bird's-eye maple low to-day with much toil and trouble, as he chose to fall against a big brother of his, and to tear him from his embrace cost me much extra labour. And, to crown the matter, he was so tough, that after the first three logs I had to abandon him, as the fourth defied all my efforts to split it with the axe, the handle of which, to complete a bad morning's work, I smashed in the endeavour. Then I had to burn out the part left in the eye, pouring water continually on the steel part lest it lose its temper, all

of which lost me much time, and so vexed me that, after cutting up a smaller tree I decided to leave off, and as to-morrow was Sunday, to rest from my labours and take a walk to see what the country round me is like.

Nov. 2nd.—It has been a fine day. I have seen the sun at least three times for a few minutes, and I have had my walk, if walk that can be called which is only a slow and toilsome scramble over and through every sort of natural impediment. Starting in a north-east direction, which I hoped would bring me to a lake I have been told of, I came upon a noisy brook which I knew must be one that runs into the Tobique. I followed it up to its source on the summit of a high hill, the top of a great range, called Lisson's Side. A little below this I discovered a partridge, and the eagerness with which I levelled my rifle at his neck, and pulled the trigger, and the exultation with which I picked up his corpse, can only be fully understood by such of my readers as have lived as I have on salt pork. I soon found in a deep romantic gorge a splashing, leaping brook, hurrying away joyously to the sea, and down along its banks I scrambled, hoping it would lead me to the lake it sought. Instead of that it brought me first to a deserted lumberer's camp, left many years ago.

Nothing but the skeleton of the camp, where once the joyous song and laugh roused the forest-echoes, where the bright fire threw its ruddy glow on the rafters, and where the axe rang loud and cheerily; now lonely, ruinous, known only to the bears, the lynx, and other wild beasts of the forest.

And thence the merry stream, with its gentle clamour, enticed me to a place which I soon wished I had never seen; into a cedar swamp that I could scarce extricate myself from, and then left me, ceased its murmuring music, and vanished among the mysteries of that gloomy grove. When I had got into the middle of the swamp I became naturally very anxious to get out again, so would the reader in the circumstances. I almost despair of being able to describe a cedar swamp. In the first place, in this country, a swamp does not necessarily imply a wet marshy place, but rather an unusually thick and crowded growth of timber, whether spruce or cedar. The swamp I speak of would have been dry enough but for late tremendous rains. The cedar has a rough ribbed bark, and a leaf like that of the arbor-vitæ, or rather it is very like the tree known as the red cedar in the gardens and shrubberies of England. It delights in low situations, in springy ground, and to hang over

brooks and rivers, and when it has found a spot to its liking, such a number of them crowd there, that there is literally no room for them. Besides, they rarely grow upright, leaning towards and against each other at all manner of angles, as though at the finish of a merry evening; moreover, they are always falling down, which helps out the comparison. And among them, thick as they grow, spring up young ones innumerable, and every species of shrub and inconvenient bush, so that the swamp presents just this picture, an almost impervious mass of trees in every possible position; layers upon layers of prostrate trunks (so that in the one I am describing my foot scarce ever touched the ground), sticking their unpleasant branches in one's face every instant; the whole overgrown with that remarkable feature of American forest, an almost knee-deep growth of moss, and all the interstices filled up with something else of an annoying nature.

After struggling about for perhaps an hour in the very heart of all their conglomeration of difficulties, I began to think that the prospect of my ever getting out was doubtful, when by one of those inexplicable accesses of inspiration or instinct, I diverged from the south-east course I was trying to make to one a little more

east, and in a few minutes found myself in a lumber road, which some beings more or less than man had in some fit of gigantic energy and perseverance cut right into the swamp. Through tracks as intricate as the maze in Hampton Court, I found myself at last on the Tobique, the brook that had played me such a trick being but a branch of the one I had traced up.

And the Tobique! I had not seen it since the last rain; and where was the clear, shallow, comparatively gentle brook I had thought to navigate? Now beneath me rolled fierce and swift a deep and turbid river; it had overtopped its banks, it had buried the islands beneath its discoloured torrent; and how do the Rapids and Narrows look, I wonder? Small chance of hearing or seeing a soul from the Mouth for the next six weeks.

When I reached home I was far more fatigued with the six or seven miles I had done than if I had been chopping wood all day. It was *not* walking—it was climbing, jumping, crawling—like perpetually going up and down stairs. The most striking features of these woods are their dampness, their thick mosses, and their great *untidiness*—prostrate trees, broken limbs lying heaped on each other everywhere, and a multitudinous growth of suckers and saplings, which, as we walk, give

us every now and then a poke in the eye, which half blinds us, or sent across the face as from a horsewhip, or a trip to the feet, which sends us sprawling on the sharp stump of a fallen spruce-tree, or a rotten tree with its look of solidity, trips us up, or, hurrying along, we tread on the slimy, slippery trunk, where the bark has fallen off, and the foot glides from under us, ere we know what is the matter. The reader may now understand that the forests of America are not like garden lawns.

I ought now to say something of the trees in detail, as far as I know them; those trees, which are the source of much of the wealth, and nearly all the poverty, of New Brunswick, which "make" the lumberer and ruin the farmer, which cumber the land, and yet are one great source of its fertility. Among the hardwood, the maple, I think, usually attains the greatest size; a tall rugged tree, with stubborn, crooked branches, and a rough gnarled bark, grim and graceless when bare of leaves, but in the summer clothed with a bright soft foliage, in the autumn gorgeously clad in scarlet and ermine. The elm is, I think, the most graceful of all the forest trees, with its long waving sprays, light and feathery; it also grows to a large size, and delights in rich moist intervales.

The birch resembles its namesake in Britain more in bark and foliage than growth, being without that lady-like elegance so conspicuous in its relation. There are two varieties, the white and the black: the bark of the latter is also much rougher. There are besides the ash, the poplar, the butter-nut, resembling the walnut-tree, but not half so handsome; the oak, differing from the British oak chiefly in its much larger leaves; the beech, very like ours; the cherry, and some others not remarkable for any peculiarity. But the monarch of the forest is the white pine, or "pine" *par excellence*, as timber the most valuable, in aspect the most magnificent. I admire him greatly; the lumberer admires him too, but in a different way—had rather see him floating in a raft down the river to a good market. I prefer seeing him waving his kingly head far above all other trees, stretching his mighty arms like some despot uttering his decrees. There is that about the pine which is to me impressive and poetic; there is a savage wild grandeur in his towering form, branchless for 100 feet; in the luxuriance of tropical vegetation he would look out of his sphere as much as would some old Scandinavian hero of a Norse legend in a ball-room —the Hercules of the forest—the Goliath of the woods

—the lord of the wilderness! And if he be the king of trees, then surely is the noble hemlock his queen; more richly clothed, with a softer, more graceful mantle of foliage, still is she a right majestic lady, and fit consort of so mighty an emperor. A grove of huge old hemlocks is a beautiful sight; thick and dark, they shade the spot where they grow with perpetual twilight; their leaves are small, but thick and close—and heavy is the burthen of them which the hemlock bears. I saw one to-day perhaps five or six feet through; but there are no such trees here as on the other side of the world, where ten and twelve feet is no unusual diameter.

Monday, 3rd November.—I started to-day on another cruise through the forest-world all round me, first cutting as much firewood as would last me two days. I find the track of a moose by my door, and others which could only belong to a bear, besides no end of smaller footprints; indeed, I suspect animals visit my dwelling by night of whose neighbourhood I dream not; and many know my face whom I never saw. In travelling through these woods, one is struck with the death-like quiet which reigns there—not a creature, save now and then a squirrel whisking round the trees crosses our path: yet who can tell what

gleaming eyes watched me from some dark hiding-place, or what quick ears may have detected my approach, and warned their owners to secrete themselves ere I was even in view?

After I came home, I spent the time till dark in stopping up the chinks, or "caulking the seams" (in sea phrase), of the cedar planks with moss, a preparation for the approaching winter which ought not to be delayed.

Tuesday, 4th November.—Another long wandering through the woods. I was near meeting with a frightful disaster in the course of it. I had just with unutterable toil got out of a horrid bit of intervale, completely choked with an exasperating undergrowth, and was looking out for some way of crossing a provoking piece of water which lay across my path, when to my dismay I found that the bushes had pulled out the ramrod of my rifle. To attempt to recover it amid the bushes I had just come through, seemed more hopeless than to extricate a drop of rain from the ocean; and my sensations as I reflected on my loss were such as words cannot convey. For a few minutes I rejected the idea of searching for it as absurd; then, however, I recovered my energy, and first looked at the

tracks I had left to see whether they were such as I could follow. I perceived that with patience and care I might do so, tracking being, moreover, a business with which previous colonial experience had made me familiar. I looked at my watch, and found I had three hours' daylight left, and so I proceeded to retrace my steps through that atrocious thicket, which I had hoped never more to enter. All that I had to guide me were the slight disturbances my feet had made in the thick layer of dead leaves, and here and there a bough bent down; but concentrating all my attention on them, I found them sufficient. Step by step I traced out the way I had come, and not fifty yards from where I had missed it I came upon the ramrod, and seized it with a delight only equalled by my astonishment at such almost impossible good luck.

Partridges are not, as I was told, abundant on the Tobique, but very scarce, which is a great disappointment to me, as I had depended much on them for fresh provision, there being no fishing-ground in my neighbourhood.

Thursday, 6th.—Busy all this morning finishing off my defences against the approaching winter. I then took a stroll through the woods, prowling

stealthily along like a wild beast in search of prey. But nothing could I see save the everlasting squirrels, woodpeckers, and tomtits, till, the day being far advanced, I began wandering homeward. At the foot of the path leading up the steep hill to my camp, I had, according to my custom, left an empty pail, to be taken up full on my return. Up the bank I was toiling with it, tired and dispirited—had just set it down to rest half-way, and was looking at the topmost twig of a spruce fir with some intention of knocking it off, partly from sheer spite, partly to discharge my piece, which had been loaded for two days, when almost at my very door I descried a noble partridge sneaking about in the branches of a fallen birch tree, and cunningly hiding himself, but not enough so to prevent my cracking his neck in two seconds. If the reader can't already sympathise with my delight, my exultation, at such a termination of an unsuccessful day, there's no more to be said. At any rate, if I eat pork to-morrow, I deserve to be shot myself. The mere thought of it gave me such energy that I took my axe forthwith, and, late as it was, split up a birch log which had hitherto defied my efforts.

In the meantime a glorious change has come. The

clouds are vanished into thin air, the full moon shines hard and clear, and a stinging frost comes like a sharp knife throu h one or two little chinks I had overlooked and which must be stopped up to-morrow. The worst of this stopping-up system is, that the more air-tight I make my camp, the more it smokes.

Friday, 7th.—Two more partridges bagged this evening in a place I have passed sixty times without seeing them. My ramble to-day took me into the neighbourhood of the supposed lake, whose existence I begin to doubt; probably it is no more than a lagoon of the middle of an atrocious cedar-swamp, which the brook it is said to feed runs through. If so, I have seen it once, and do not want ever to see it again.

I had an amusing interview with one of my friends the squirrels to-day—a moose-bird completing the party. Mr. Squirrel came whisking up in a devil of a hurry, and squatting on a stump began nibbling and munching at something he had got hold of most energetically, commenting thereon all the while with great volubility, till the moose-bird, overhearing him, joined us to listen to the jokes of the little humourist, who suddenly threw away what he was eating, and vanished behind the stump with a hearty fit of laughter, which he repeated

louder than ever on my walking round and finding he was only playing at hide-and-seek, and then bolted away altogether.

There is quite a little clearing now round my camp, which adds somewhat of cheerfulness to so gloomy a spot. I place beauty of scenery amongst the great sources of pleasure in this world, but my dwelling here cannot boast such a recommendation; buried in the forest, on the side of a narrow valley choked with cedar and spruce, the opposite bank nearly hidden by the trees between, and also heavily laden with hemlock and firs. At the back of my clearing is a fine hard-wood forest, continued to the top of the long ridge whence all the brooks in the neighbourhood come tumbling down. Of these, one which I have named Mouse Brook, (by reason of having held quiet converse with a mouse who sat in his doorway and watched me as I ate my dinner by the side of the stream,) runs downstairs in a very pretty way, leaping from rock to rock over a series of steps or ledges. Between this and my own brook (on which I have bestowed no other name) runs one which I always call the Bad Brook, from the unimaginable cedar-swamp which it encourages on its course. The next might perhaps be called the Worse Brook from the same peculiarity.

A new source of amusement is opened to me now which suits my fancy very much, viz., the making of sable traps, a line of which, several miles in length, I propose to establish through the surrounding country. In making them, my axe and knife are my only tools. I was working away at one of these contrivances this afternoon on a little hill about 100 yards from the river, when my ears were suddenly invaded by a sound I have not heard since the Indians left me—the human voice—except indeed my own. Two or three log canoes, as I supposed by the noise of the poles against them, were toiling up the river—lumberers going to their camp. As soon as I heard them, I put my tomahawk in my belt, took my rifle, and watched them till they had passed, only catching a glimpse now and then through the trees of a red shirt. Then I walked home quietly, meditating on the circumstance and began to chop firewood, finding this, in my loneliness, an exciting event. It rather amused me to think how little they dreamed that there was a lonely human being in those thick woods watching them from his lair—much I daresay as the weasels and lynxes watch me when I pass unconsciously by their hiding-places.

Monday 10*th*.—I made some more sable traps to-day

to the great amusement of the squirrels who come and examine my rifle and cut capers all round me. But my trapmaking ended with noon; I split the handle of my tomahawk and got my feet half-frozen with standing in the snow, and thought how nice a pot of tea would be, and finally came home quite out of conceit with the business. In the afternoon a fall of more snow set in. The flakes are of a very curious form, unlike any I have seen before—just like very small thistle-down or rather like anemone seeds, lying like them in fuzzy heaps. A deep snow which will bring snow-shoes into use will be a comfort, and so will a real hearty frost if it were only to freeze the puddles and keep the snow from soaking into my boots, dry feet being a pleasure I have hardly known since I have been on the Tobique.

Wednesday, 12th.—I reasoned yesterday that if I want to see these shy creatures who every morning leave tracks at my door, and if they go about in the dark, why so must I too. So I took my tomahawk and went down to the river side where the tracks are most frequent, and, under a fallen tree beside a thick heap of dead branches, I made me a little den with spruce boughs, producing by my arrangement of them something very like a large wren's nest. Then when night came I put

on a double allowance of clothing, took my rifle and plodded down the valley to my hiding-place, crept in and, covered with a large cloak, lay there for some hours to see what would happen next. I think such energy and hardihood might have met with a better reward than the being entertained only by the squeaking of a few miserable mice.

I have seen some excellent country to-day; the topography of this locality is just a high ridge, covered on the higher part with an open hard-wood forest, which extends about one third down; then come thick spruce and hemlock forests, and those dire cedar-swamps, and as a matter of course my opinion of the whole of New Brunswick falls below par. "If ever I let myself be caught,"—here I tumble down headlong—"in this detestable country again when once I've got clear of it, I deserve to be"—tumble down again. "Well, I'm in it at any rate"—(plump into a hole with mud at the bottom) "and must get out of it some way. I wish the Tobique and New Brunswick and all North America were at the bottom of the Red Sea, and I were in England, or Australia, or the North Pole, or anywhere but in a cedar swamp." In such a frame of mind I reached my camp, tired, dispirited, despondingly,—desperately put down a pot to boil, and, O

Mocha! blessings on thy berry. Glorious are these forests, a noble country is New Brunswick and fairest of all streams the Tobique. The pot of tea or coffee and the pipe are all the luxuries, if, as I said, they are not actual necessaries, which the bushman or backwoods-man possesses, and with these there are few hardships or discomforts he will fear to undergo.

My unsuccessful hunting is, I suppose, only what is to be expected until the really deep snow shall so impede the flight of the larger animals that I shall be able to overtake them. I have almost made up my mind to abstain from cruising through the forests altogether till the river freezes, or till snow-shoes and tarboggin come into use, when I shall be able to leave my camp for as long as I like, taking my blankets and provisions, and camping where I please. I have already gained one of the objects of my hermitage on the Tobique—namely, the ascertaining correctly, by personal observation, the nature of what may prove an important locality on this river.

I am beginning to look very hard at the squirrels. I should be sorry indeed to kill such charming little fellows, but I suspect they are very tender. Besides, I can get nothing else to vary my pork and biscuit, unless the change which I am trying now, of biscuit without

pork. When I get tired of that, I can try pork without biscuit, but in the meantime those squirrels do look so fat and nice.

In this strong wind, now that the bark of the trees is frozen hard, the forest resounds with their loud sonorous voices as they writhe in the fierce gust—groaning and snapping and crying aloud, as though with the agony of feeling their strong limbs and trunks wrenched thus rudely by the still stronger blast. Every variety of voice have they—now a long plaintive moan, then a harsh rending scream, and again an explosion like the report of a gun —all joining in the outcry of a storm-bewildered forest.

Saturday 15th.—I set out for a ramble through the woods, but warned by signs which announced the snows that Moulton assured me set in about the middle of this month, I turned back again. Such of my readers as have not tried a "rough life" can scarcely appreciate the cheerful emotions which arise within me on my return to my little forest den from one of these limb and heart wearying wanderings through the woods. Slipping and stumbling and plodding through clinging, clogging snow, cold, wet, miserable, disappointed and desponding that all this has been endured to no purpose, save that of unveiling the mysteries of

the cedar swamp, and "getting up" with painful labour the dismal geography of desolation; thus I reach the blazed sapling at the foot of the stair-like path which leads up to my dwelling. A glance upwards to assure myself, by the white roof gleaming through the trees, that it has not been burned in my absence,—the bucket, ever left there awaiting me, filled at the chattering brook; and already I feel my spirits rise as my feet slowly and cautiously bear me up that steep and slippery hill. Then, as I fling aside my blanket door, and lay down my bucket, and my axe, and my rifle, and see the glowing brands awaiting but a touch and a replacing to blaze up cheerily, and the pot of hot tea or coffee, and the bread and pork, or partridge (if fortune has favoured me), and the pipe after them, and the rest on the bed of boughs, succeed in turn,—all cheer me so, that my privations are forgotten, and my discontent is changed to a state of luxurious satisfaction. I am all alone, 'tis true, and often (never more so than in the gloaming) I feel it a burthen not easy to bear; but for this the best remedy is occupation. When thought becomes too busy, and memory musters her throng from the ghost-land of the past, then I take my axe, and thought changes her subject, and those throngs

vanish at the first ringing stroke. Nor do the hours of evening hang heavy on my hands, for with my pen and my Bible, my only companion, and little jobs in abundance, the time passes cheerfully till I roll myself in my blanket before the replenished fire. I have said nothing, however, of one frequent and intense annoyance of my evenings, viz., a smoky chimney. Last night, when the snow had fallen so as to cover all the crevices between the cedar boards which form the roof, the absence of any inlet for a sufficient current of fresh air below, resulted in its coming down the chimney. The camp was soon filled with such volumes of smoke that I was almost in danger of suffocation, while my eyes became so painfully inflamed that I felt it even in my dreams.

This was temporarily remedied by throwing aside the blanket-door, which I had to leave so all night, not a very pleasant alternative. I have carefully examined the chimney, and think I see a way of doctoring it; but should this fail, I know not what I shall do. Leave the woods for the abodes of man I cannot; the river is out of the question, full of floating ice as it is; the woods are impassable. A month may elapse ere I can escape, and in the meanwhile irreparable evil may result to my

eyes. Already they are so inflamed that out of the house I can hardly keep them open, while closing them increases the burning pain. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the evil I complain of.

I hear no sound from morning till night save the whirr of the squirrel, the chirrup of the tomtit, the tap-tap of the woodpecker, and sometimes the strange "drumming" of the partridge,—a sound very like distant thunder, and mysterious in that no man can tell whence it comes, nor from how far. These and the murmur of the forest are nearly all the sounds I hear from day to day. For upwards of three weeks I have not heard the voice of man, save my own, which at times almost startles me. I sometimes talk and shout even lest I should forget how. And for perhaps six weeks longer the solitude may last, till the freezing of the river enables travellers to pass over the ice, or till snow-shoes come into play. And it has begun to snow—such snow as I never saw before; minute, like dust, like pins' points, close, thick, a mist, a fog, a drizzling cloud of snow,—down it comes as though all the atmosphere were charged with it.

I did that to-day which I am now ashamed to remember; I had every excuse, but I can hardly forgive

myself. I have shot a squirrel, one of my confiding, fearless, humorous little friends. But what could I do? —my soul wearies of pork, and I could find no eatable creature besides—if, at least, the squirrel be eatable,—so I levelled my rifle, pulled the trigger, and down tumbled Mr. Scug. I was ashamed to look in his large black eyes, so I took him by the hind leg, carried him home, skinned him, cooked him, tasted him, and found him—decidedly nasty. Had his comrades known of what deep importance to them, collectively and individually, would be the result of that experiment, they would have gathered round my camp, anxiously awaiting my final decision. But there was but the one who haunts this spot near me as I flung forth that remnant of his fellow, and he knew not what it was.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—A morning employed in cobbling up the chimney, with, I think, some success, and an afternoon of chopping, knee-deep in snow, brought yesterday to a satisfactory conclusion; to-day, however, ended differently. I contrived clumsily to cut my knee with the axe. I believed my leg to be half cut off from the way the blood ran down. It is bad enough to keep me at home for a day or two, but it will heal much sooner and more effectually than the gash in my trousers.

It was of no use to try to lug a bucket up hill, so I had to amuse myself with melting snow—rather a tedious process, as it takes four or five quarts of snow to produce one quart of water. I have ever had the dread of such an accident before me, as a really severe wound would be a fearful calamity in my lonely position,—in the deadly cold we may soon expect, probably a fatal one.

I begin to long to hear the sound of some other voice besides my own, replying in the imaginary conversations I sometimes carry on with myself. I am getting, too, into a habit of thinking aloud, and tell the silent trees my reasons for doing this or that, or why it should not be done, and comment on my progress to the squirrels, who sit chattering their own opinion, or hold arguments with myself on metaphysics and all the 'ologies, or balance the discomforts against the pleasures of my present state. For the wilderness has its lesson to teach; hard may be the lesson, rough and harsh the teacher, uttering words of truth with a piercing voice and a frowning brow. Yet it is a lesson to be treasured in the heart. The lesson is in the words of Carlyle,—"There is a sacredness in work—in idleness only is eternal despair!"

Again, I please my imagination with fancying this

desolation subdued by man; these tall, grim forests laid low, and the silence which has reigned here too many years exchanged for the sound of many voices —the hum and murmur of the settlement, the clang of the axe, and the blacksmith's hammer, and the thump of the flail, and the creak of the dray, and the rattle of the horses' hoofs and the shout of man, manfully toiling for his bread, and the bread of his wife and children; and the sweet tinkling of the church bell—fancy that ringing through the woods of the Tobique. And where these rugged maples and the black massive hemlocks have so long spread abroad their rude arms, there shall stand the neat homestead, and where the wild raspberry and the moose wood and the tangled alders grow, there shall be the garden, glowing with the bright flowers of Old England. All this change may a few years bring on, and fain would I live to see it. The founders of a settlement in a land by men neglected, but by nature so richly stored, may justly be called benefactors of their race. For, let them remember, every tree that falls before their axe makes room for a human being, and, while it burns in the logging, from its very ashes springs sustenance for him.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER ADVANCING—ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

Friday, 21*st*.—Four weeks of this strange life have slipped away, I scarce know how. And yet it seems as if ages had past since I first began this forest life. But that memory is active (oh, how active!) I could almost think I had passed my life here—had never been elsewhere. Every tree round my camp is familiar; I know the ins and outs of the devious lumber roads, the cedar swamps, and the high hills; the noisy brooks and the swift, strong river are my companions; the squirrels even know me now, and cease to scold me. But very monotonously, *too*, have hours passed since the deep snow fell and stopped my rambles. The axe, the saw, the needle, the knife —with them I have found ways and means to make them shorter. That unfortunate wound has occasioned me irksome hours, though now it is rapidly

healing. I was actually able to-day to crawl down, under the influence of much excitement, to the river. For to-day I heard sounds that made my heart throb fast and my breath come quick, and my ears strain with nervous expectation. While cutting fresh spruce-boughs to lay under me at night, the shout of men arrested me, yet I said, "What of that? they are but lumbermen passing on the river in their canoe; what have we to do with each other?" But, when by-and-by I heard, as I could not doubt, the measured blows of an axe ringing repeatedly through the air, and then, as I thought, the sound of answering voices, it was more than I could bear.

"This must be looked after," I thought; "I must know who are these intruders." So I took my rifle, equipped myself with my travelling gear, and with painful toil plodded down to the river. Yet had I my toil for my pains—there still ran the cold, chilly river, rustling with its floating burden of snow and ice, the deep snow unmarked with tracks, save those which I had made. But while I stood staring in bewilderment around me at our old camp, a shout, loud, long and clear, in the direction of my house, brought me back with all the speed

my lameness permitted. Yet I knew it was but an owl, or at least a close imitation of one, and this I half suspected, for owls are not wont to hoot at noon. So I reached home, and found it as I left it, and it was with a somewhat saddened heart that I crawled into my den, for I confess I should like once more to see a fellow-creature.

I began to peel some willow wands, from the bark of which the Indians have taught me to make their substitute for tobacco, and which I like mightily to mix in small quantities with the genuine weed. Then I cooked my dinner, and when I had eaten it, I began to cut firewood, and then, as I was shouldering a log of birch to my camp, I was startled into almost a tremor of mind and body by hearing again a "wandering voice," which seemed assuredly that of a man hailing me within a hundred yards of where I stood, motionless, searching the woods with eager glance. And then that shout was heard again, yet, as it seemed, further away; then immediately again, but now, as it were, almost by my side, and for the last time faintly and afar off. But still I listened—listened, and could scarcely be persuaded that it was only the same owl, who had

mistaken this gloomy day for night. And I listened till the murmur of my brook began to my excited fancy to turn into sweet voices in low conversation, like that of children confiding their little mysteries to each other in some quiet corner. And then I returned quietly to my work and my labour till the evening. And now I sit writing the history of a day of delusion, while outside the forest grumbles his old complaints at the rough usage of the easterly wind, which arrived to-day, bearing in his arms a heavy burthen of snow to fling over the earth. And truly I wish the snow would fall more and more, and the true, downright winter come, and keep us no more in suspense, ever saying, "I come, I come," and yet delaying —only giving us little pats like a cat with a mouse. Let him come and put us out of, or *into* our misery at once.

Saturday, 22nd.—The first thing I became aware of on creeping out of the hole in the side of my den (like the hole in a beehive) was that a dog was barking across the valley in the hemlock forest or the opposite hills, the sound coming apparently from the same direction as the sound of the axe. Improbable as it seems, I can only come to the conclusion that there *are* lumberers making a camp somewhere

in my neighbourhood. I could hardly restrain myself from starting forthwith in chase of these mysterious sounds, but my wounded leg made it impossible. I had, however, this afternoon the vast good luck to discover two partridges high in the birch trees, pecking at the buds, which form their chief food; but my rifle soon stopped their pecking, and gave me a prize of value beyond gold; for under this diet of pork and biscuit my weight and strength are both diminishing, and my health far from improving.

Tuesday, 25th.—I am forming a very favourable opinion of the country round here as the site of a settlement, if an excellent soil, forests which may be cleared without much difficulty, a plentiful supply of water, and the advantage of being traversed by the proposed road to the Great Falls, suffice to recommend it. I have been strolling about this glorious sunny day with far more pleasure than I have hitherto done, examining more minutely the immediate vicinity of my camp. In one of my sable traps I found the head of a wretched little squirrel, his body having afforded a meal for some prowler of the woods—very likely the very sable who ought to have been in it himself.

Wednesday, 26th.—As I expected from the misty

films in the air last night, a day of ceaseless snow—an atmosphere of snow. I stayed, perforce, at home, and amused myself by baking bread, clearing a sort of road for my tarboggin, which I suppose I shall soon need to draw in my firewood, and cutting down a few of the cedars that stand round my camp—the fall of each one of them being to me as a moment of gratified vengeance. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week, pass and leave me in my forest home, a prisoner in solitude unbroken. If my health fails, none to help me; if my spirits sink, none to cheer me; if I wander away into the wilderness and die, none will ever know my fate. Dependent only on my own resources and on God, I yet can pass away my time thus cheerfully. It is a wild, almost dreamlike sort of existence. Shut out from the human race, I know nothing of what passes—wars and convulsions of society, desolation, and pestilence may be abroad on the face of the earth, and not a whisper would reach me here. But if the body here be active, neither is the mind idle. The philosopher who exists but in meditation on abstract truths, should retire into the depths of an American forest, where the very wilderness around him would teach him truths

he knew not of, would murmur mighty secrets in his ear. To these truths, these secrets whispered in the inexpressible voice which seems to belong to the ancient forest, as do its restless heaving, its unceasing roar to the ocean—have I been listening in my seclusion till I almost look on the trees as living, sentient beings, attributing a different character to each. The sturdy maple, with his crooked limbs, standing, as it were, with his arms akimbo, defying the storm; the huge, gloomy hemlock, rearing himself towards Heaven like a vast tower, and seeming to shed a gloom over the forest beneath from his dark, stern face; the tall and graceful spruce, pointing to the skies, with upraised finger, like a prophetess; the malignant, ungainly cedar, flinging itself about in all sorts of uncouth attitudes, like an idle schoolboy, an unmitigated nuisance, a bore—all are my acquaintances, my companions, my antagonists, my servants, and my teachers. I will conclude the evening entry in this Diary of a Solitary,—"the world" *not* "forgetting," though, perchance, "by the world" long ago "forgot"—by confessing that with eagerness, yet with patience, I look forward to the time of my release, my return to the friends and scenes of which

memory is ever drawing bright pictures. And then, like a dream of the night, will my sojourn in the wilderness vanish into the past.

Thursday, 27th.—The breaking of an axe is a small matter to him who has but to go to the next blacksmith's shop to repair it, but the blacksmith builds no shop in the wilderness; and when to-day the axe on which I had depended for very life in a New Brunswick winter, divided into two halves in the hard carcase of a sturdy maple, I could hardly comprehend my disaster. I gazed on the broken tool, broken beyond remedy; I cried, "Now, God, have mercy on me!" But soon I remembered that I had still my tomahawk left me, all unfit as such a child's tool seemed to provide me with fuel enough for such cold as was approaching—30 degs. below zero, perhaps. But still I had it, and with redoubled exertion, two hours for one, rigid economy in fuel, and the energy which is the child of imperious necessity, it might avail me. I returned to the camp to seek it, and perceived how shamefully I had been taken in by a tool which was a disgrace to the shop where I had bought it. Of the welding where the steel meets the iron, scarce an inch had united, the rest was utterly disjoined; the only wonder was that it had held so long.

When I had abused such infamous workmanship sufficiently, I began to look the whole thing fairly in the face. I could not escape, firewood I *must* have even if I had to burn soft wood; yes, to be sure, I had forgotten the many cheering fires of fir, which had warmed me in my camping out, and my little axe could cut that well enough. So there was my great fear of being frozen to death removed. And then, who knows but this same little axe may be capable of more than I have given it credit for; up and away, and let us try.

Already had I cut off several logs from that stout maple which has been the end of my big axe; let us see if this, my last hope, can split those logs—I know they split freely. Whack—crack—split; open it is—hurrah! at any rate, so much of this morning's work is not wasted. With more or less difficulty I split it up into billets, and at sunset, somewhat sadder than I had left it in the morning, I returned to my lonely hearth. I drew together the glowing brands, made a friendly blaze, lighted my pipe, and began to ponder seriously on my position. What if my only axe left me should break? ay, there's the rub. Then came upon me the full conviction that I must remain no

longer in this helpless state; hitherto, I had not seriously desired to find a way of returning to society, or of opening communication with mankind, but now such a way must be found. Across the river about a mile up the stream, and a mile and a half back in the woods, is a lumberer's camp, belonging to a man named Connor, and whom I have met. They were his men who visited our camp ere the Indians left me, and they told me where they lived, and that they would be glad to see me. Well, surely there must be a way to cross the river if I will. Then visions of "catamarans" or rafts began to pass before my eye, and I almost regretted my canoe. I have seen a raft and could doubtless make one; but then I know nothing of their management, and should surely be capsized at the very first essay; and a dip into the half-frozen river, in such weather as this, is not desirable. I had better even wade it, and that is only to be done under the most desperate circumstances. Still my thoughts harped on a catamaran, and I sat down to my evening meal busily engaged in fancy on my raft of refuge—put it together, launched it, and always, as the result of the vision, took a cold bath amid floating ice and snow.

But should I not dare that means of escape, is there

not a track "blazed" and "bushed" out to the Falls, past my door almost? Twenty-two miles of wilderness it is true, equivalent under any circumstances to forty of turnpike road; in this deep snow to how many more? I should have to camp out, to carry blankets and provisions, and (I am supposing myself reduced to desperate measures by the loss of my remaining axe) how to get firewood? The lumber camp is decidedly a better direction to look to. To attempt to reach the settlement ten miles below me would be rasher still—no track even but the densest forest only. So, as I turned it over and over in my mind, a new idea suddenly appeared like a ghost among the crowd before me; so simple yet so long in suggesting itself; one which in any other mood would have appeared an impracticability, but which now by degrees came to appear the complete solution of my difficulties. With an outcry of triumph, I began fiercely to fill my pipe, bidding care defiance. But to-morrow may change the prospect; so lest I but gain the reader's laugh at the failure of a dream, I beg to keep my project a secret till I have success to proclaim. So with my head full of the work laid out for the morrow, I lay down on my bed of boughs, eagerly longing for the day.

Friday, 28*th*.—The fifth week of my captivity is ended: the trees are my jailors, and grimly they stand round me watching me in their glistening white robes. I lay down full of hope and enterprise and rose with the same. And first, as the handle of my little axe was split, I had to burn it out and fit in another; and then I put up some biscuit and pork and tea and sugar and passed my belt through pot and pannikin, for I meant not to return till evening, and then I bethought me of a huge old birch-tree close by with his bark all in rags and tatters, his rough and wrinkled skin—there is nothing better to kindle a fire with, so full of resinous matter as it is, burning like pitch or tar,—so I pulled off some of the fragments of his old garments, put them in my bag too, and then, with my rifle and axe, sallied forth. Evening came and but half of my work was done, but with that half I was well-pleased; yet the proof remains to be applied, and so the day's doings must for the present remain untold. Part of these, however, was the making a fire between two walls of snow, with a hearth of snow, and snow above too, for it soon began to fall after I had set to work. But that fire *was* a comfort, as I ate and drank and warmed my chilled feet at its glowing smiles. I think the

state of mind of one who is working with a will and not grudgingly, especially if his work be of a kind not disagreeable in itself, chopping, for instance, is as near complete happiness, that is freedom from care, as can well exist on this earth.

Tuesday, December 2nd.—The last two or three days—days of storm, and bitter cold, and sprinkling of snow—I have passed in various little domestic offices, —washing clothes, baking bread, chopping firewood, &c., above all, carrying on my notable mystery to a state fit for publication. It has now reached that state. Reader, I have made a canoe! Not such a one as my worthy Indians left me dependent on, not a mere curved plank, not a travestie of a pirogue, but such a boat as I could without fear trust to take me down to the nearest settlement at least; nor would I much hesitate to face, after a little practice, the three rapids between me and the mouth. A simple discovery, indeed, will the practised woodsman say, but let him consider I am but a novice in the art of canoe making. I have had but four or five weeks' practice in a tool he has been used to from his childhood.

I have made it, and it is now on the riverside ready for launching. I only wait till I have conquered another

difficulty, the making a paddle, as I dare not trust myself with only a pole, which by the upright posture it requires increases the danger of a capsize, and is, besides, far more difficult to guide the boat with. A paddle, too, is essential in descending a stream and shooting a rapid. But I must describe the process of making a canoe for the benefit of the unenlightened. Ere I began the enterprise, I bethought me of a huge old cedar by the riverside which I knew of, and making the preparation I described on the 28th, I plodded down a full mile to where he stood, and decided he should have a chance of being of some use in death after an ill-spent life. At him I went with my tomahawk and chopped and chipped away till I had cleared the upper half of a log about seven or eight feet long. Much of the centre was decayed, which lightened my labour, but I saw clearly that one end (that nearest the root) would in consequence be open when I came to sever it, while nearer the other end the knots and diminished size would render it useless, so my bark would have no stern, or rather would be like a boat sawn in half. Still I went on hopefully, only lamenting the want of an adze, a more suitable tool than an axe, and thinking how to remedy this especial defect. I had

no nails to nail on a board nor pitch to make it water-tight. But an idea came: the half-melted snow becomes hard as stone with the frost at night; suppose I make some dough or mortar or what you please of snow and water and fill up the vacancy therewith? will the Tobique waters melt it? I guess not. But stay, better still, if I fit a piece of wood into the vacancy and glue it on with my new-fashioned glue, for well I know 'twill be no light knock will force the stem of my craft when so cemented with snow.

But here comes another doubt—this log looks monstrous heavy; what, if like Robinson Crusoe, I find when I have completed it, that I can neither bring it to the river nor the river to it. But this troubled me but little, or only helped to wile away the time in the planning of ways to get my canoe launched. And to day I finished my anchor of hope, my Deliverance (by this name will I call her). I found too that I could carry her on my back, not being very much heavier than a bark canoe; the dimensions about seven feet six, the beam one sixth, depth ten inches. And when I had got her down to the water-side and glued in her stern, then indeed I longed for some one to join me in my shout of laughter at the idea of stopping

leaks with snow. Before returning home I felled a fine ash tree from which to make my paddle—a far more difficult task, I apprehend, than the other, as I have no wedges save such as I can make of wood.

I am not altogether alone; I have companions in my den; friends I would fain make of them if they will; dependants they are not at any rate. For a long time a tiny shrew-mouse has dwelt with me, hiding in the crevices of the logs, and now and then creeping forth to pick up the morsels of pork which I throw forth to him. I like to see the tender little fragment of life hurry forth from his hole, snatch up his dinner, and back to eat it in quiet. He grows more fearless every day, reminding me of the prisoner in the Bastille. And but the other day, suddenly rushed in with great impetuosity through the air-hole I have before mentioned, a beautiful white weasel, who made for the cask of pork with such unhesitating directness of course as showed that this was not his first visit. In he got, and I must acknowledge that my first impulse was to stop his visits for ever; but when at the slight noise I made in closing the before-mentioned aperture, he looked at me over the edge of the cask with a calm, meditating gaze in his large black eyes, my hostile

intentions changed into admiration of his matchless impudence. So instead of killing him, I watched him eating my pork with benevolence, for well I knew that nothing but starvation could have made him so bold. Once slightly startled he jumped out and moved off through the door, but he returned in a moment, jumped in again and began gnawing away voraciously. But with all my benevolence, I could not help seeing that there are very *strong* objections to his presence among my provisions, so if he wish for pork let him go shares with the shrew, but not put his fingers in my dish.

Wednesday, 3rd.—I set off early to the river to visit my barque and make my paddle. By way of experiment of her seaworthiness, I cut a hole in the ice, forming a dock, into which I launched her, and went on board in a triumph, which, however, was but short, for though I found I could stand in her with ease and confidence, yet somehow, after all, the snow-pitch did let in a little water; a fact which at first utterly disconcerted me, till I reflected that, in the first place, it was almost a thaw, and that, besides, I had not wetted the snow enough to make it thoroughly ice.

I came home to dinner, and not feeling disposed for another tramp of a mile through the snow, I attempted

a sketch of my den (which I have named Castle Lonely), and then reflecting that I had no spare handles, got stuff to make a couple. In this, and in chopping down a few more trees, I passed the afternoon and evening till supper time, viz., between six and seven, according to appetite. Near three weeks have passed since I have been able to muster courage for a regular ramble through the scarce passable woods, yet in these days passed at home I have not for one instant wanted work for my head or hands. Even the long evenings glide almost like an hour away, with pen or pencil or whittling out some contrivance of outlandish sort. Often am I startled now-a-days by the loud trumpet-like cry of the wild goose as he flies before the advancing armies of winter.

Saturday, 6th.—I had an unusual treat to-day in a longish walk. I tried the ice, and walked quickly and exultingly up the river, wondering at the quantities of rabbit tracks and the foot-prints of a wolf, as I please myself with calling a probable fox, and grumbling that I could never see any of these, my fellow-foresters—when crack! my foot fell through, and back I turned, with the conviction that I should have to wear a waistcoat and neck-cloth, which I have not done since I

first began my sojourn here. For to-day, the clouds, gradually thinning and melting away into that bright, light blue sky, which, rather than the dark blue, betokens the approach of fair weather; the cold, instead of diminishing as the day advanced, grew hour by hour keener and keener still. The breath of the N.E. comes gently, but cold as death; the sun, brightly as he shines, seems powerless to warm as the moon herself; if I touch the blade of my axe, my fingers stick as though it were pitch. And now the moon is full, and clear and cold; she glistens through the streaming lights of the Aurora, as though it were her own long silvery hair floating over the sky. The air is calm as in hottest summer's eve; but not like summer was the sensation when I looked just now through the door—'twas like putting my head into a bucket of cold water. Cracks as of a pistol ring through the forest, the bark, I suppose, being forced from the trunks of dead trees by the freezing of the moisture within; my own camp, too, explodes at times.

My enthusiasm about my frigate has abated considerably, partly because I have no immediate occasion for it, but chiefly because, on examination of water-

marks, I convinced myself to-day that the river is at least fully as low as it was before the last freshet, and consequently so shallow as to render my voyage down to the mouth impossible, as I must either get aground on some bank, and stick there helplessly, or be knocked over by a rock in shooting the rapids. So that gate of exit from my forest prison is closed for the present. But I care the less for that, as there is no small prospect of the freezing of the stream before the period fixed by Moulton, viz., Christmas.

Sunday, 7th.—How can we speak of the "lifeless" forest, when its ever-varying voices proclaim all its troubles and its fears; in the gentle breeze it utters in low-murmuring sighs its foreboding of the coming storm; and when the storm rages with harsh clangour, in groanings and writhings of its mighty limbs it upbraids the merciless blast as it rushes fiercely by; and again, in such a night as the last, even in its helpless endurance of the overwhelming frost, it finds a voice for its sufferings, tree answering to tree in cracks and the snapping of their tough ribs, as though a whole regiment of sharpshooters were skirmishing in the woods. And this morning the frozen bread, the pail full of ice, and most especially the piercing sen-

sation of the temperature, gave abundant proof of last night's frost.

The songs of the brook are nearly hushed; its little falls still murmur, through the curtains of ice around them, their everlasting story; but wherever the stream is quieter, the frost has taken advantage of its idleness, and bound it in chains that only the spring can unloose. The pool whence I draw my supply of water is covered with ice, which I may jump on, yet not break; I must take my axe as well as my bucket when I need the pure element. And the Tobique—a desperate struggle for a little longer lease of freedom he has made; where the water is shallow and swift, he is still unchained; elsewhere, he must dive beneath a bridge of winter's building; and the islands of ice in all parts show that but little more frost will open me as level and hard a road as ever McAdam made. Yes, but the Northern Lights, the ring round the moon last night, the mackerel sky to-day, the dull vapour which hides the moon to-night, the but moderate cold, all foretell a snow-storm or a return of the desperate gloom formerly prevailing. But truly to-day was a pleasant day; the air was cold, but it was exhilarating, joyous; though the sun was powerless, he shone bright and gladly: far

better is the mild sun of winter than the fierce tyrant of summer. In the meantime, this state of things has made my canoe no better than a dream of the night—of him I shall have no need. Still I do not regret the time spent in making it, nor the labour bestowed on the paddle, in which I have succeeded far beyond my most sanguine hopes. Indeed, I consider it my master-piece of whittling, and do defy an Indian to make one more practically useful.

Tuesday, 9th.—After a day spent in the various occupations I have so frequently detailed, I retire to a bed such as the reader would perchance think anything else—the mattress of spruce boughs—the blankets and cloak and rug thrown on them—my coat for a pillow: hard bed, hard pillow, but with them sound refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams, ever recurring, of the far-away—of the light of other days—of the land where all my loved companions dwell. The first thing I had to do this morning was to shovel away the snow from the entrance to my house, for my prognostics of snow deceived me not—the haze thickened to clouds, and the clouds dissolved in a perfect fog of snow. My impatience for a genuine north pole temperature is somewhat heightened by the biscuit being nearly all eaten up,

my flour seriously diminished, and my tea and sugar fast disappearing. If the worst come to the worst, I can but wade the river, and seek the lumberers' camps; there is not much left to walk through, though the ice, &c., make all navigation impracticable.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Having melted the ink, I sit down this piercing evening to record a day which has been marked by unwonted novelty—a novelty to me, in my monotony, of thrilling interest—for I have made my *début* in snow-shoe travelling. A new idea of this kind makes, in the absence of weightier interests, a great stir in my mind, so I got up betimes full of eagerness to make the essay. Nor had I much difficulty in awaking early, the cold compelled me to turn out two or three hours before daybreak to put on such clothes as I can do without during the first part of the night. My flannel I can never dispense with, and then in the morning when I can no longer sleep for shivering, I rise, put on my red shirt and trousers, make up the fire and get a little comfortable sleep till daylight. In the morning and evening the cold is so intense that breathing it is like drawing files or rasps down one's throat. Well, after breakfast off I set, having first put my feet in the racket-like machines, and trotted a little about my "clearing,"

to see if the boot-straps were all right. I discovered to-day that it is much pleasanter to walk through the dry frozen snow in mocassins over three or four pair of socks than with cold hard boots over one pair, which I had hitherto done, the boots not being large enough to go over more than one, and suffered all the miseries of cold feet in consequence. Over these, then, socks and mocassins, in a sheltered spot, I put on my battledores and set off rifle in hand, eager yet not unmindful of the probability of a fall suggested long ago by my friends. But so unswervingly did I get on, so delightful was it to tread *on* the snow instead of *in* it, that I thought I would even try how I could run should I descry a moose before me. Splutter—splutter—how cold the snow is! headforemost into it, by Jove—I was almost buried in the snow. After this as I went more disposedly, but not so high—like Queen Elizabeth dancing,—all it requires is a long wide step and care to raise the toes, and thereby the points of the battledores.

The inconvenience of cold feet I hope to have thus removed; another grievous annoyance which I have suffered since the cold weather set in, consists in paroxysms of toothache, which always seizes me on coming from the piercing outside into my warm camp,

and which comes on even when I get warm in bed. It now freezes hard even close to the fire, and as for wind, the Nor'westers *are* cold, cutting like a saw.

Friday, 12*th*.—This morning I started for a regular ramble along the river side in the following foot gear—1st, two pairs of fine lamb's-wool socks; 2nd, one pair of thick worsted ditto; 3rd, mocassins; and, lastly, another pair of worsted socks over them, which gave me a degree of comfort in my feet which I have hardly known for the last month. Brightly shone the sun, calm and piercing but invigorating was the air, and full of cheerful life I came in view of the Tobique. Fierce had been the contest between the strong stream and the stronger frost—but his strength is well-nigh gone, his life-current is chilled, and save a narrow channel of a yard or two in width, and 200 or 300 yards long, he is pent under a rough and strong roof of ice. Yet can I not yet avail myself of my future road into the world again, for his surface is either too rough for a tarboggin or too smooth to walk on. On the fresh ice formed along the edge are scattered innumerable beautiful rosettes of frost-work like those that ladies make for their knick-knackeries—sprinkled by the grim tyrant of the North over his captive river. Many such delicate displays of

the strange powers of the frost I see all round me, the ice over the pools of my brook is strewed with flakes and crystals of frost which look like pins and needles and penknife blades. As for him, poor fellow, his tinkling voice, as it comes feebly and plaintively through his prison bars, reminds me of the starling's "I can't get out."

The middle of the river is all rough, looking like a gigantic horseshoe rasp; this is owing to the sheet which covers it being formed of those cakes of ice which have been drifting down the current for so long, and which the frost, like some stern bailiff, has tapped with his cold finger even whilst trying to escape. After all I did not venture to cross the river—the perpetual groaning and cracking of the ice deterred me. While I listened, I thought of the boa and the tiger—how he quietly gathers the fiercest beast of the earth in his horrid embrace, and crushes him to a jelly—so the winter subdues the turbulent struggling river till, like the dying tiger or buffalo, he gives up his life in a loud uproar.

Monday, 15th.—Now, ye spirits of the North! I recognize you. I looked out last night at eleven: clear, starry heavens and that keen icy feeling in the air which I have learned to understand now as the touch of the North Pole. Then in the morning ere dawn I was as

usual roused by the shivering chill which produces the impression of having nothing on, and by-and-by came day—a day of glorious sunshine, but penetratingly, subtly cold was the air. I walked down to the river—I walked on it—bolder and bolder as no crack or groan gave hint of danger; I stepped forth to the middle, and walked fearlessly on till I felt that in truth my road was open. So I went home and busied myself with collecting such loose articles as I did not want, hiding some and packing others up. And 'twas with a glad heart I saw the sun sink unclouded in the West, and every shiver and shake as the cold grew sharper was to me only an assurance that my liberator was at work. But oh! what a night was the last! driven by cold from my bed long ere dawn to feel as if getting into a cold bath—the fire nearly out and the frost in full possession of my camp. But I soon got up a good blaze, boiled a pot of coffee, ate my breakfast, and then looked out my extra wraps, woollen cap, comforter and heavy pea-jacket, ere starting in search of that lumberer's camp I have already mentioned. Then with my snow-shoes and rifle I sallied forth, and so long as I was in the forest bore the cold with great contentment. It is true that I had not gone a quarter of a mile before my hair, whiskers, moustache

and beard were thickly covered with hoar-frost, my breath froze, and my eyelashes stuck together; but all these things I considered as trifles till I got out on the open river, and began to walk briskly against the slightest possible breath of air from the N.E., almost imperceptible when standing still, but, on opposing it by walking, causing a sensation as though one's face were being lashed by fine whips of thin wire—contracting the skin—seeming to turn the very blood to ice—even the eyes seeming as if they would yield to that quintessence of the Arctic regions. I confess I was half frightened at the utterly new position I was in—I had no experience to guide me, and might be guilty of the most foolish rashness.

Still I went on for nearly two miles, discovering no road to the camp I sought. A *brow* there was, but I believed it to belong to a camp no longer occupied; however, finding no other indications, I climbed the steep bank with much difficulty, and, stepping into my snow-shoes (without which I can now make but little progress, and with them still less when the snow is not thick enough to cover the fallen trees), I began exploring the tracks that led into the main road—to the brow. Diverging right and left like the twigs on a bough, one and all they led me to nothing but the stumps of trees,

whence the logs had been dragged. The snow-shoes, too, began to fatigue me; and, as there was little likelihood of my finding a dinner in Donald's camp, I thought I had better go back for it to my own, and there amuse myself with chopping firewood, as I hoped for the last time.

I began chopping with my thick coat on, but in the dead calm of the forest, though the frost gathered again round my face, I was soon glad to take it off and chop in my shirt-sleeves, without even my waistcoat, and was at last very near complaining of the heat. The weather, however, as usual, is going to try something else. This morning at sunrise the long cobwebby vapour from east to south showed but too plainly that the blue sky—the purple sky, I should say—would soon resume its wonted dress of sober grey. Finally, it snows to-night as hard as it can. I had wished to see Connor first, and try to get him to take my leavings, but if the weather means to be for ever so utterly untrustworthy, I won't lose the next chance, as my provisions are getting very low.

Very beautiful were the stars last night,—clear, more sharply defined, as it were, than I have ever seen them even in Australia, or the supremely clear atmosphere of Madeira, yet not twinkling nor particularly brilliant;

they looked more like little holes punched in a black silk handkerchief, with a light behind it; or, rather, they looked as, when viewed through a telescope, stars which in ordinary skies are single, are there perceived to be double; while the Pleiades I scarcely knew at first, so utterly freed were they from that hazy smudge in which the seven stars are usually blended together. And the dark purple of the sky in the early morning was inexpressibly beautiful.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—This has been a day of severe labour and severe disappointment. When I awoke in the morning it felt delightfully cold, and eagerly I looked out. The clouds had vanished, and cheerily shone the sun; the cold was severe, and I decided to be off. I had the night before made half my preparations, and it did not take long to roll up my bedding, put up some provisions, pack up the few things I did not like to leave, and then lash them on the tarboggin, which was to be my waggon. A tarboggin, I should say, is a very light sledge, made of two thin strips of birchwood about six feet six inches long, and one foot two inches wide, with the front bent back in a hook shape, and with two little rails along the side to pass the lashing under. This the woodsman drags after him; and over the crust

of the snow (which has not formed yet) can pull, of course according to his weight, as much as 200 lbs.

Well, having stowed my cargo, I proceeded to get under weigh, but I had a much greater weight to pull than I had calculated on—not more than 100 lbs.—but then it was through soft snow, over bushes and trees; and, moreover, my frequent walks along the track had made a deep rut through the snow, along which I could scarcely lug my burden. I could have carried them to the river in two or three trips, but having got them into the tarboggin I was too obstinate to take them off again, and after two hours of exhausting labour I at last got them to the river-side. Once on the river, I expected to travel swimmingly; but, in the first place, some inches of loose snow lay over the surface, and I soon began to doubt my ability of accomplishing in that fashion the ten or twelve miles between me and the Castleton settlement, which I proposed to make my first day's stage—for it was now twelve o'clock, and the days are short. Next I discovered that under this layer of snow there was an oozing slushy mixture of snow and water in some places; this showed that the ice was in that state called rotten. But I thought this was perhaps an exception, so I started off to another part where I knew

there was an old formation of ice, and had made some twenty or thirty yards when a sharp ringing crack turned me quickly back, and left me standing quite beaten. I made up my mind to take back the things I had brought down with such excessive toil, and wait till the next outrageous frost. I brought back my load by instalments, having learnt that on the next attempt I must diminish it considerably.

So here I am established again where this morning I hoped not to pass another night. When I pulled down the blanket-door and turned my back on the lonely home where I have spent many a pleasant evening, I quite forgot to take a sentimental leave of it. Nor on my return thither did I feel romantic, but I congratulated myself heartily on having by some mysterious presentiment refrained from having put the fire out, as I had been about to do. For it would have been no small trouble to light it again; and I had but little time ere night to cut firewood, as I dare not in this uncertainty draw all my funds out of the bank.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOREST ABANDONED—RETURN TO FREDERICTON—HOMEWARD.

Saturday, 21*st*. — My forest dream is finished! I have awaked to find myself in the Castleton settlement. For having waited through Thursday, and finding Friday ushered in with a gleaming sun and a severe frost, I resolved on that day (which made the eighth week of my solitude) to make another attempt, which should either be successful or let the consequences be what they might. So I packed up, carried down a much diminished load, and started on my way. I had not gone two hundred yards before I found slight tracks that at once resolved all my doubts, and I pushed on with a good heart. The Plaster Rock and the Wapshe were passed ere I felt fatigue; a few mouthfuls of frozen bread were highly relished, and I had no doubt of reaching the settlement by sundown. But two or three

miles more began to create misgivings, for the load which at first seemed trifling, seemed now to increase every step, till at last every step was like climbing a ladder. Intolerable fatigue assailed me; the jerking of the strap made my back ache, and the strain on my knees made them totter under me. I had undertaken a task the difficulties of which I did not discover till it became a matter of almost life and death. Compelled every ten minutes to sit down lest I should fall, it was truly with delight that I found myself on the edge of a clearing with a barn in the midst.

I got on to the bank and shouted, but no sign of life was visible; then I remembered where I was, and that no one lived there. But I knew there was a lumberer's camp on the river, two or three miles from the Castleton settlement; so I harnessed myself once more to my load, which I had already begun to meditate abandoning. I was staggering with fatigue, and knew that if I fell I could not rise again; at last came the words, generally fatal to the traveller on foot, "I can go no further." I sat down on my sledge, almost despairing—to take that further was impossible; but making a last effort, I got on to my legs, crawled on a mile, and heard an axe ring hard by, saw smoke,

and knew I was close to the lumberer's camp. I scrambled through the woods, and saw a man chopping down a tree. With some anxiety as to the way I should acquit myself in the unwonted feat of conversing, I addressed him, told him my story, and was shown the way to the lumberers' camp half a mile off. Then I sat down, and with a pot of tea, buckwheat cakes, and fresh pork instead of salt, soon forgot my sorrows. One by one came in the lumberers—jolly fellows; all knew about me—made them roar with laughter with telling them of my forest experiences, ate enormously, then found myself able to go back for the sledge, and brought it in, stumbling in the dark over rough ice.

An awful smoke—lie down—sleep all round—snow-storm—shoot at a mark this morning—walk with Mrs. C—— in snow-shoes—glorious day—no end of people know all about me. Get a letter and some things—find out about the noises I had heard—men at Three Brooks, as I thought; find out about stray tracks—everybody laughs and wonders. At Castleton get vegetables!! several people there too; nice clean house. Excellent land at Three Brooks, on south side of the river near Castleton settlement. While walking down with Sam, we stopped to talk with some men working

among their logs; says one: "You don't look so fresh as you did when you went up in the fall." I found he had seen me. Not a man in the dozen I have met but knew of me; had I remained at the Mouth, I should have had no end of visitors. Astonishment at my little tour back. All sit round the fire talking of lumbering, logs, bows, driving, &c.—ask much about Australia; every one wonders "I did not find it very lonesome." *

Sunday.—Piercing, *scorching* cold; feel it much more than in the woods. This is a specimen of life in the back settlements; very sociable—all very jolly merry fellows. Across the river is the schoolmaster; he being Irish, this part is called Ireland. To go across is a great lark; as I stopped here to-day, I proposed a walk; one of the boys started with me, and asked me would I go to Ireland. So I went and found the lark consisted in the bevy of fine-looking girls. I was stared at with infinite curiosity and wonder as the Englishman who had been all alone in the woods. Comfortable little house. All the people seem to live on terms

* The last paragraph and most of the Diary which follows, consist of rough notes jotted down in pencil

of family intimacy—jokes and laughter never cease. Sitting round the fire; clump, clump, out of doors—in comes some half-frozen mortal in mits, heavy coat, fur cap, great woollen wraps round the throat, shakes the snow off his feet, crowds in to the fire. Discussion of the comparative merits of mocassins and boots—stores of wood experience—rough, hardy, hearty sons of the forest. Eat enormously—cold weather produces immense appetite—got one of my toes frost-bitten. In the evening, took a sleigh drive of a mile down the settlement; by such conveyance, hope to go to the Mouth to-morrow. Cold nearly intolerable. I find myself a notorious character. I felt queer last night in bed in sheets. After my active forest life, find sitting indoors wretched, but hardly dare stir out from the insufferable wind.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—Even the hardy woodsmen express surprise at the cold to-day. The sleigh whereby I proposed going to the Mouth was to start from old G——'s house, he being the father of the very lumberers whose camp was my salvation on Friday, two miles down the river from the lower end of the settlement. So at about half-past nine, Mr. S——, who was to be a fellow passenger, Mr. R—— and myself left Mrs. C——'s

comfortable house to walk there, I dragging my old friend the tarboggin as the best way of taking my luggage down. Suddenly all consciousness left my nose. I raised my hand and touched it; it might have been anybody else's nose. In fact, I was frost-bitten, and by my companions' directions I dubbed snow in my face till the sensation of cold and the returning redness of the skin (which frost-bite renders white as paper) showed that, in colonial phrase, the "frost was out." The sleigh was not to start till after dinner, so we sat down to a very plentiful and excellent meal of potatoes, buckwheat cake, beef, pork, bread, and molasses. Old Mr. G—— was a specimen of the intelligent old settlers of whom I have already met several; men without means of acquiring much information, but who by conversing with strangers, by asking questions, and by a retentive memory, have amassed a really surprising quantity of knowledge, of the world in general. He is, moreover, a great hunter, and in fact a genuine backwoodsman. His sons go cutting logs, he has a farm, his wife a loom—an excellent house, fine family, and all buried in the remotest settlement of the colony. There are but two or three, or perhaps four settlers there, besides the schoolmaster,

whose fine family of young ladies adds much to the liveliness of the place. I like the place, but the cold is dreadful in the clearings, after leaving the shelter of the woods.

Well, away we went. I walked, or rather ran, the last three miles along the track past the Narrows, and found myself at last safely housed in the world I had left so long—on the high road from St. John's to Quebec. The temperature varies from zero to 30 degs. below it; contracts the skin of the face, draws the mouth up, and produces a smarting feel like the scorching of a hot fire.

I paid my Indian friends a visit this evening; and what a change in the appearance of the world since last I was here! It is like a new country altogether. No more crossing in canoes; we walk instead along a rocky road, for the floating ice, as in the Tobique is jammed and heaped up in large cakes, slanting over each other, and beautifully crusted over with frost-work, looking like shirt-ruffles covered with lace on a large scale, and the wide clearing now is but a plain of snow. They were rather surprised to see me alive, having taken it for granted that I had been frozen to death long ago. They are all at work preparing

hides for mocassins, for which there is a large demand in winter among the lumbermen. I ascertained that yesterday week, the day on which I started to search for Connor's camp, the thermometer at the Great Falls had fallen to 20 degs.

I am beginning to wish myself back at my camp. I prefer its rough independence and quiet to the comparative bustle of the settlement; nor did I find the solitude half so great when not a soul was near me as I find it this evening that I sit writing by myself in the tidy parlour of B——'s inn with the sound of voices all round me.

Friday, 26th.—Many a time have I wished myself back in my little forest castle, where I have left much of comfort and contentment in exchange for the miseries of winter travelling, and the rough, rude, higgledy-piggledy of the backwoods. The difference of the temperature is such that men who have spent much of the winter in the woods, find themselves quite tender on emerging into the clearings. Nor is it surprising that heavy colds and coughs should be so prevalent, when we consider the way they live —heating their houses with stoves and huge fires till they have made the temperature oppressively high,

which in one step they exchange for one chilled to perhaps 25 degs. below zero. In three days I got such an influenza as threatens to detain me at the Tobique some days against my will.

On Wednesday I started off up the Tobique again to bring away the rest of my things from my camp. The sleigh by which I went up was detained by various causes till after dark, when, in the beginning of a thick snow-storm, we began to cross the St. John; and this the reader must not fancy a very simple affair. The ice was piled and jammed up in great heaps, in some places to the height of four or five feet, the whole surface presenting an appearance like that of shirt-ruffles on a large scale. Sleighs had already crossed where we wished to do so; and, to follow the track in the darkness, it was requisite that the driver, one of Mrs. C.'s sons, should walk ahead while a fellow-passenger of mine drove the horses by his directions. This was a work of no small difficulty, the snow driving in his face and drifting over the tracks, the darkness rendering the rough mounds of ice mere confused lumps of whiteness, over which he had many a headlong fall. The man who held the reins, a true son of Erin, added to his bewilderment by repeated entreaties to be allowed

to drive on just a step, which he as repeatedly refused; and so they shouted till they made such a bother and confusion that I was quite pleased when we reached the other side; and after some more plunging about in deep snow we found ourselves on the well-beaten road. This road is cut midway between the top and bottom of the high and almost precipitous banks of the river, which in many places rise to about 100 feet above the stream; but in the darkness, as I sat at the bottom of the sleigh and looked over and saw the edge of the almost perpendicular descent glaring white and hard through the gloom, so close that apparently the runners of the sledge were on the brink, while far beneath gleamed dimly the white plain of the frozen Tobique, I must say I thought a great deal of a horse and sleigh which had actually in former times gone over the precipice. It is, in fact, a regular mountain pass, and in the night far from soothing to the nervous system.

In six miles we reached the log-cabin of a solitary old Irishman, who gives accommodation to travellers. Here we sat and warmed ourselves by a fire, and, while so engaged, hints and inuendoes would every now and then escape us about its being far more comfortable within than in the heavy storm outside; till at last it

was decided that we had better remain where we were well off, and wait till daylight to follow the track on the ice on which we should have to travel for the next four miles. So we had a good meal on potatoes and pork, and then lay down and slept sound till the next morning.

Our Irish friend roused us fully an hour earlier than necessary by mistaking the Northern Aurora for the break of day. There set in a fresh edition of the storm thicker than any I had ever seen, aggravated by a furious gale from the N.W. The cold increased hourly,—and when we came out of the woods the gale was intolerable even by the hardiest. The Irishman, a great hardy-looking fellow, who, though he could stand the North Pole itself, got his nose frozen almost immediately; as for me, I shivered under my blankets—chilled to the very bones,—suffering at once from the cold and the influenza which was hanging over me, and miserable enough to wish I had never heard of New Brunswick.

My original intention was to proceed to my camp by the first chance. A good one offered next morning, not only of going up, but of getting help to bring my baggage down to the river; so, notwithstanding that I was now beginning to be wretchedly ill, and that the

wind had died away in a calm and intense frost, I made an attempt to put my plans in execution. But after about four miles of great suffering, I saw clearly that to go further into the woods would be mere folly; so I turned back while I was still able to.

On Saturday the 27th, the weather changed, and became damp, muggy, and warm. On Monday I felt myself well enough to try again, so I engaged a sleigh, and started afresh by the river road, which was now very sloppy, squashy, and unpleasant. So once more I found myself in my deserted house, and here I soon found that a party of Indians had been making themselves comfortable, eating the pork, and burning, not only the firewood I had left in it, but even the reserve I had hardly liked to touch myself. It angered me to think that I had been toiling and wearying myself for a parcel of vagabond savages. However, they had behaved with scrupulous honesty—the provisions they had used of course I did not grudge them, and of other things they had not taken the smallest article. We managed between us to carry everything down, started back again, and at last I found myself almost clear of the Tobique. I had expected to dispose of my baggage by private sale, but a large party being

assembled at Mr. C——'s, I thought I would hold an auction, which resulted in great fun and laughter, the purchasers being chiefly lumberers, who bid against each other with much spirit.

Wednesday, 31st.—A couple of sleighs coming past on their way to the Mouth, I wished Mrs. C—— and her kind-hearted family good-by, and took my last farewell of the Tobique. We reached "Jenning's" before nightfall, and found another party also spending the night there. King Frost has resumed his awful sway. So glorious a day as this I have rarely seen—cloudless, glittering. The trees are queer objects now, sometimes inexpressibly beautiful. I have got beaded mocassins and bags from Moulton.

7th Sunday.—Here I am at Mrs. Costigan's inn at the Great Falls. The day after my arrival I went under the guidance of Mr. M—— to view the great roaring lion of the place, and a grim, savage-looking monster he is, and a cold, gloomy, dismal scene—the huge curtains and hanging sheets, and draperies of green ice, fantastically and delicately covered, it is true—beautiful, exquisitely beautiful in detail, like the richest ornamental carving of Gothic architecture, and, like it, too gloomy and grand in the aggregate

of its vastness. The dull day robbed the scene of all its lighter graces—the ever-varying Iris, the gleam and glitter of the surface. The river, after dashing itself to pieces on the rocks and among the deep chasms and mysteries of the well of waters, gathers itself together again in a wild, terrific gorge, far bigger than the Tobique, narrow, deep, black, and too strong for the frost. Two more falls of fourteen and fifteen feet occur ere it spreads out in a magnificent, lake-like pool, where calm and placid it rests itself awhile ere it travels on to the Rapids below, and then on its hasty journey to the ocean.

I was so fortunate as to arrive here in time for a ball which was given at the hotel where I stayed, and to which I was honoured with an invitation. Merriment abounded; the company came there to dance, and dance they did, with feet and hands, and shoulders and arms, even to the tips of their fingers—danced, in fact, all over. Nor did they desist till the broad daylight of a tardy midwinter's sun convinced them that they had not wasted a moment of an opportunity for enjoyment so rarely afforded them.

Wednesday evening I went with Mr. G—— to spend an evening at Mr. M——'s, staggering and blundering

through snow-drifts. Next day I availed myself of a "sled," returning to the neighbourhood of Woodstock, and left this wild and beautiful settlement. Terrible was the cold, and hard the journey through deep snow; the first day we achieved but nineteen miles; the next from house to house, where we stopped according as we deemed ourselves freezing, we dragged and crawled on till we reached a wretched tavern, about fifteen miles from Woodstock, which was as near as my driver would take me. And here I found the stove nuisance carried to its utmost extreme. Though the cold had moderated to its usual conclusion, a thaw, accompanied by the customary snow, they had contrived to heat the sitting-room with one of these vile machines to such a degree as to make it quite uninhabitable. For the heat of a stove is far more oppressive than the heat of a fire, producing great sickness in many, and in me an unbearable oppression in the head. They too frequently neglect the precaution of placing a pan of water on the stove.

Woodstock, Saturday, 10th.—I left the blackguard tavern in a sleigh, bound for Woodstock. With the person who hired it, an intelligent young man in the lumbering trade, I had a good deal of talk on the pre-

sent condition and future prospects of the country; its politics, its agriculture, the influence, whether beneficial or otherwise, of lumbering, on the progress of the province. In such discussions I find few, if any, exceptions to the general discontent with the government of the colony, the unfitness of the legislators for their position, and the paralysing effect of the whole system. There may be some ground for this all-pervading grumbling; but I strongly suspect that much of that stagnation which is attributed to bad administration of bad laws may rather be attributed to deficient energy, deficient education, a want of common sense in the people, to say nothing of a great want of cash; the latter want being in fact the consequence of the former wants. Lumbering is in truth the one great radical evil, the worm which is gnawing at the roots of the tree of New Brunswick prosperity; the life is not destroyed, but its growth is checked. If this be killed, or even scotched, the tree will flourish with a vigour commensurate with the exceeding vigour of the soil. The plain truth as to the lumbering question is this: the timber, the forests of the country, are exchanged for provisions and clothing for those who cut them down. So large a proportion of the population is engaged in this gambling, reckless,

exciting, and silly business, that not enough are left to raise food for all; consequently it must be imported, and so uncertain is the trade, or rather so seldom does it yield a profit, that it comes in the end to exchanging the pine and spruce for flour and pork. And then where is the money to come from? rather, it goes *out of* the country to make the balance when the value of the export is less than that of the import.

Thursday.—I passed two or three days at Woodstock, and this morning, a desperately cold one, started by the sleigh stage for Fredericton. Queer figures do the travellers in these climes present when fully equipped for the road. Head and face covered all but the eyes in fur caps, shawls, buffalo coats, and all sorts of mysterious appanages to the legs, over stockings of thick woollen material, gutta percha shoes, mocassins, &c., in inexhaustible variety: thus they sit smothered in skins in their sleighs, like the Russians and Norwegians whom we remember in the picture-books of our nursery. Terrible indeed was to-day, the thermometer down to 18 degrees, and a strong scorching withering north wind.

We had a droll fellow-traveller. America is rich in such extravagant freaks of humanity; but this one was

the most utter absurdity I have seen. He began by telling us that he had "laid out" to go to Canada, but his health had been "very much impeded," and he was on his way back to St. John. This he told us every mile or two, and then went on to say that probably he was one of the strangest characters and queerest devils we had ever seen; and lest there should be a doubt of this he went on repeating it all the way. "Well, as old Robby Burns says, 'as we journey through life let us live by the way,' I must have my joke and my fun; without jokes there's no fun; my health's very much impeded, or I'm one of the queerest devils; me and Captain ——, how we used to laugh together. I mind when I was at M—— (for I'm an Hirishman myself), as I was out shooting with Lord Hill on my father's estate—I knew Lord Hill intimately well, but I was going to tell you an hanecdote. I always think hanecdotes shorten the way, and as my father used to tell me, 'when you're travelling shorten the way,' and I always like to have my joke and my bit o' fun. So you mustn't mind me, I'm funny; but there's no harm in me; I'm one of the strangest devils, &c. Ye've likely heard, sir," (turning to me), 'of the Marquis of W——?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well, sir, me and the Marquis of W—— was

hintimately acquainted ; yes, sir, hintimately acquainted both on shore and on the ocean. I knew hintimately in St. John two noblemen—they was in reduced circumstances—I used to call them Tom and Jerry ; how they would laugh, to be sure ; they were Lord W—— and Lord N——. I knew Lord N—— as well as I knew any one in the province." And so, gaining courage, he launched out into the very sublime of imagination ; he had estates everywhere, and was an Irishman, yet committed most ineffable cockneyisms at every instant.

The change in the aspect of Fredericton, owing to the rude legislation of winter, makes me fancy as I hurry through the streets, that I must be in Tobolsk or Spitzbergen, or anywhere but in a town where, a short time ago, I suffered as much from heat. Talking of legislation, it is the "season" too in this metropolis ; and railroads, temperance, scrutiny into votes, and provincial politics in general, are the chief subjects of conversation. I was in the House yesterday, but found nothing going on, save the reading of papers connected with the Halifax and Quebec line.

Friday, 16*th*.—I had an interview with the Governor this morning, in which I explained to him in

detail Mr. N——'s colonization scheme. He assured me of the certainty of such a scheme being favourably viewed by the Provincial Government, who would undoubtedly give all assistance towards the carrying it out. This evening I dined with Colonel Hayes; as we sat at dinner the thermometer was reported to be 11 degs.; it sinks in my bedroom to from 10 to 20 degs. below freezing point.

Saturday.—Still blows the furious wind; one must go out sometimes, but it is avoided when possible: called on the Chief Justice to-day. One sees people in the street in curious attitudes; one grasps his nose, as though inflicting imaginary insults on his foe; another holds his hands to his ear, as though he would shut out some discordant sound; while another may be seen in the still funnier occupation of rubbing snow on his face—the fact is, he has been frost-bitten. A soldier on Christmas night had his legs so severely frozen that he died next day.

Monday.—When this N.E. wind blows, he must be an enthusiast indeed in the matter of fresh air who would unnecessarily expose himself to its severe scourgings. Neither, in a snow-storm—such as we have to-day—is it very tempting to stroll about the snow-paved

streets of this frozen town, one which, scattered, unfinished, and straggling before, has now in its winter garb a still more draggled, crude, and bewildered look, resembling a bushel or so of houses sown broadcast over a field of snow, which have rolled over and got up again whitened and half smothered from their fall. As I sit at the table in the window in Mr. B——'s comfortable hotel, before me, through the hazy air, hazy with thick showery snow of a whitish buff-coloured grey, dull, smoky-looking—I see on one side the barracks, with its court, surrounded by fine old elm-trees, green, shady, pretty in summer, now full of small mountains of shovelled snow, and the chosen playground of whirling gusts and the vapoury blinding drifts; and on the other side the wide frozen river, looking in the dim light of the storm like a limitless field of snow, rows of little spruce-trees marking the track across it for the benefit of sleighs travelling by night. The rustling of the sleighs and their merrily jingling bells, a sound to me inexpressibly cheering, are now and then heard in the neighbouring street, between which and the river stands the hotel. I cannot say that it is in the town or that it is out of it, for so sprinkled about is this

city, that it would be difficult for any house to swear to its citizenship.

Tuesday, 20th.—There is an excellent library here, founded and supported by the Government. To this, through the kindness of Colonel H——, I have the entrée, and here I spent two or three hours this afternoon, looking at some excellent views of Australia and turning over books. Save walking there I scarcely left the house till evening, so dreary was the snow-storm; but then I had an engagement to keep, for which I would have braved a fiercer storm than that. One of the young ladies had had the temerity to sally forth during the wild wintry day in snow-shoes, and had performed in them a feat which our kind host did not forget to inform us of. She had jumped over, or at least *down*, a fence five feet high. I am justified, therefore, in asserting that it is usual for the young ladies of New Brunswick to go out in snow-shoes and jump all the fences in the way. It needed so pleasant a recollection as I had of that evening to reconcile me to the walk home.

Thursday, 22nd.—An evening at Government House. Colonel H—— kindly called for me in his sleigh, and in

ten minutes we formed a portion of a knot of shivering, shaking, half-frozen mortals in the hall, crowding over the stove, and pitying ourselves for the sufferings we had each and all gone through in making our way there. Ladies are most adventurous in the winter season, snow-shoeing and driving fearlessly. Last night I dined and whisted at Mr. P——'s, married to a daughter of Colonel S——'s, whose widow was there too.

February 4th.—At sea—ship *Bournief.* I must try and rub up my recollection of the last week or two ere the events quite leave my memory. On Monday, 26th January, I left Fredericton by stage—a covered sleigh. We had to cross the Ground Bay on the ice—a distance of three miles. Next I fell ill, was worse the next day; on Thursday kept my bed, and sent for the doctor; but I forgot to mention that on Tuesday night, in spite of all, I contrived to go and hear Dr. Lewis lecture on phrenology and mesmerism. Lecture-room in Mechanical Institute—crowded, dirty room; stink of tobacco and brandy; a nasty fellow asks me for a chew. Lecture full of gesticulation and flowery language—buffoonery; never came to the point—left everything unproved. A lad comes rushing in—

afterwards makes some electrical experiments, all of which are of a most unsatisfactory nature. On Thursday crowd collected round St. John's Hotel to see man come, and order breakfast; did not, and why?

St. John's in the winter—boys coasting—everybody slides—pretty girls go delicately smiling and sliding—boys skate—dangerous to go through the streets.

(*The journal breaks off here abruptly.*)

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